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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

NOVEMBER, 1916

THE ILLUSTRATOR'S APOLOGY

To His Critic

BY OLIVER HERFORD

Critic behold a Pigmy, shod
In Giant's shoes—yet spare the rod!
How could I know the Fates would choose
My feet to wear John Tenniel's shoes?

John Tenniel, in his art supreme,
Envisioned Alice from a dream;
And now must I with pen profane
Presume to picture her again.

When Wonderland received the news
That I had donned the Master's shoes
The creatures all were so distressed
They held a meeting to protest.

The Gryphon groaned, the Turtle roared,
The Rabbit raved, the Dormouse snored,
"Who is this Herford?" screamed the Red
Queen angrily, "Off with his head!"

The Cheshire Cat flew in a fit
And disappeared when asked to sit,
And everyone I sought to draw
Vanished like snow when comes a thaw.

Mr. Herford, having made the illustrations for a new edition of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," thus attempts to forestall criticism.

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"Because we sat for Tenniel, pray
Why should we sit for you?" said they.
And though I thought them impolite,
I had to own that they were right!

Wherefore as I a Pigmy shod,
In giant's shoes, laborious plod.
Chide not, oh critic, should I lose
My footing—in John Tenniel's shoes.

WHAT IS AMERICAN LITERATURE?

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

It was in the ninth decade of the nineteenth century that a British historian of the expansion of the English race proclaimed boldly the permanent unity of the several peoples who have English for their mother tongue. When John Richard Green came to record the revolt of the American colonies from British rule and the establishment of the independence of the United States he asserted that since 1776 "the life of the English people has flowed not in one current, but in two; and while the older has shown little sign of lessening, the younger has fast risen to a greatness which has changed the face of the world. In wealth and material energy, as in numbers, it far surpasses the mother-country from which it sprang. It is already the main branch of the English people; and in the days that are at hand the main current of that people's history must run along the channel, not of the Thames or the Mersey, but of the Hudson and the Mississippi."

If an American had penned this eloquent paragraph, he would have laid himself open to the charge of boastfulness; and even when an American merely quotes it, he has the uneasy feeling that he may be indulging in a specimen of that vainglorious "tall talk" which was once unduly prevalent in the juvenile United States. Yet it is well that the facts in the case should be stated thus clearly by a British author of high authority, for these facts are often forgotten or at least overlooked by other men of letters, both British and American. It is useful, and indeed it is needful, for us all on both sides of the Atlantic to be reminded now and again that the people of the British Isles and the people of the United States come of the same stock, speak the same language and possess in common the same literature.

By the aid of an association of scholars, mainly British and only infrequently American, the long story of the development of English literature in the British Isles has been narrated in detail in the fourteen volumes of the Cambridge History; and there are soon to be added two volumes setting forth the far briefer story of its development in the United States. These two additional volumes will deal exclusively with that subdivision of English literature which is naturally and necessarily known as American literature, but which in spite of its separatist name is none the less an integral part of English literature not to be omitted from any attempt at a comprehensive survey of the whole.

Unfortunately more than one American historian of the later literature which

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has come into being in the United States and more than one British historian of the earlier literature which was born in the British Isles, has chosen to deal with these unequal portions of English literature as though they were each of them self-contained entities in no wise related to one another, thus apparently setting what must be termed American literature in opposition to English literature, of which it is in fact only a subdivision. The writers who thus detach American literature from English literature are inadvertently denying the essential unity of the literature of our language.

II

It ought to be obvious that the literature of any language is one and indivisible. It ought therefore to be indisputable that no book of recognised literary merit, no book in which we discover the twin qualities of style and of substance, can fairly be omitted from any complete consideration of the literature of the language in which it was composed, regardless of the nativity or the citizenship of its author or of any political separation which may have taken place between the several peoples who possess that language in common. It is an unfortunate fact, however, that now and again we do find American books and American authors omitted from histories of English literature, although we fail to find any corresponding exclusion in the histories of any other literature, even when the circumstances seem to be similar, not to say identical.

For example, no historian of Greek literature has ever ventured to pass over Theocritus, although that Alexandrian idyllist owed no allegiance to any Greek state and although he may never have set foot on the soil of Greece; no historian of German literature has omitted to deal with Hebbel, who was a native of Denmark and who was in receipt of a travel-stipend from its king; and no historian of French literature has ever hesitated to consider the work and the influence of Madame de Staël, who was Swiss by birth, who was Scandinavian by marriage, and who was long exiled from France. For these historians of Greek, of German and of French literature it was sufficient that Theocritus wrote in Greek, that Hebbel wrote in German, and that Madame de Staël wrote in French. The alien Theocritus may be as solitary in Greek literature as the alien Hebbel is in German, but the alien Madame de Staël had a host of parallels in French literature.

Every historian of the development of literary art in France discusses in turn Saint Francis de Sales, who was a subject of Savoy and who refused to become a Frenchman, the Scot Antony Hamilton and the Swiss Rousseau, the German Grimm and the Italian Galiani. When the author of a manual of French literature comes to the nineteenth century he pays attention, proportionate to their individual importance, to both of the brothers de Maistre, who were born in Savoy, to M. Maurice Maeterlinck who was born in Belgium, to Louis Fréchette who was born in Canada and to M. Viélé-Griffin who was born in the United States. Moreover, both Petit de Julleville and Ferdinand Brunetière were led logically by this necessary inclusion of alien authors who wrote French to the rigid exclusion of French authors who wrote only in Latin,—Abelard and Saint Bernard, de Thou, Scaliger and Casaubon. It is perhaps even more significant that the new *Library of Spanish Authors* comprehends only writers of Castillian "including, of course, those born in the Spanish-American republics," and yet excluding the native Spaniards who wrote in Catalan.

In spite of the admirable example thus set by these foreign scholars who recognise the essential unity of the literature of any language, it is not unusual to find British historians of English who bestow ample space upon the French poems of Chaucer and the Latin poems of Milton and yet who deny any consideration to the essays of Emerson, the romances of Hawthorne, and the poetry of Poe and Whitman, composed in the English lan-

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guage, the mother tongue of Whitman and Poe, of Hawthorne and Emerson as it was the mother tongue of Milton and of Chaucer.

Probably the explanation of these occasional departures from the precedent accepted as imperative by the historians of every other literature, must be sought in the unprecedented relation of the United States to Great Britain. For the first time in the world's history, a group of colonies having achieved its independence of the mother country and having organised itself into a separate nation, has gone on its own way and followed its own destiny until at last its population has come to outnumber that of the parent islands two to one. And this immense increase of population in the United States has not been derived exclusively from the British Isles or even from the kindred stocks out of which the British population had been originally recruited. As a result of this development and of this divergence the Americans and the British are at once alike and unlike; and perhaps both parties are more acutely conscious of the points of dissimilarity than of the points of similarity. The inhabitants of Great Britain and the inhabitants of the United States know themselves to be the same and yet not the same. They are the same in that the Americans have inherited the language, the laws and the political ideals which the British had earlier evolved. They are not the same in that the Americans, having governed themselves for now nearly a century and a half, have had to solve their own problems in their own fashion in their own continent, while the British in their group of islands have acquired a mighty empire and have had to confront difficulties very different from those which rose before their former colonists.

As a result of these dissimilar necessities the British and the Americans have developed each in their own direction and they have grown apart in spite of their retention of a common language and of the common law. They are two great nations, rivals in discovery and invention, rivals in the arts, rivals in commerce and in finance. They are friendly rivals, no doubt, and they do not feel that latent hostility toward each other which they may be inclined to feel toward those who speak foreign tongues. There have been a hundred years of peace between them; and another war is unthinkable. None the less is each of them acutely conscious of its own independent nationality and jealous of its own individuality. Small wonder is it then that occasional writers on one side of the Atlantic or on the other, lacking in insight into fundamental facts, should sometimes be tempted to segregate American literature and to set it apart by itself. We may even doubt whether the historians of French literature would have been so unhesitatingly cordial to the Swiss and to the Belgian authors who had French for their sole means of communicating with the rest of the world, if Switzerland now surpassed France in population and if Belgium now exceeded it in power.

While the Americans of to-day are still English in many ways they are in no wise British; and even the original immigrants, cavaliers in Virginia and Pilgrims in Massachusetts, right Elizabethans as they were, suffered a sea change speedily and became subdued to what they lived in. Nevertheless from the very beginning they have held fast to their birthright in the English law, in the English language and in English literature. To these traditions they were ever loyal; and even though they rose against the agents of the British King they held themselves children of Chaucer, subjects of Shakespeare, heirs of Milton. Even though they dwelt under alien skies with the thousand leagues of the Western Ocean between their broad new land and the old island home of the race, they claimed Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton as theirs by heritage, denying any assertion of primogeniture which might disinherit them. They had a stalwart pride in their ownership of English literature as a whole; and their descendants of to-day

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refuse sturdily to be put off with a younger brother's portion.

III

Though the Americans have ever gloried in their inheritance of English literature they have also had a natural pride in their own authors and in the native literature which began tentatively in the eighteenth century, which revealed itself more amply in the nineteenth and which now possesses unknown possibilities of expansion in the twentieth. When Matthew Arnold suggested to Sainte-Beuve that Lamartine was not an important poet, the wise French critic replied, "He is important to us." Certain American poets and certain American prosemasters are important to us Americans, even if we are well aware that they may be less important to our kin across the sea. Though they may fail to prove their ultimate significance when measured by the universal and permanent standards, none the less they have special significance for us, whose struggles they have recorded and whose hopes they have shared. "Every race," said Brunetière in his history of French literature, "is the judge, —and must be the only judge,—of its own poets." Thus it is that Racine and Lamartine, for example, are justifiably rated far higher by their own countrymen than would be warranted by a truly cosmopolitan examination of their works.

To hold the scales even and to weigh the American men of letters, one after another, with the weights which have international validity, is a task as delicate as it is difficult. Yet it is a little less difficult to-day—even if it is not less delicate—than it was a century ago, when Sidney Smith was asking "Who reads an American book?" This question was put in 1820 and it was not possible then to make any satisfactory reply, since it was only in that year and in the years immediately following that Irving and Cooper came forward with a swift succession of volumes, which would have made it absurd to repeat the damning query in 1830. Previous to the appearance of the *Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon* and of *The Spy,* the accepted belief that a great nation ought to have great poets, and that the United States ought to be endowed at once with a literature commensurate with the expanse of the country, had lured more than one native bard, possessed of aspiration rather than inspiration, into the concoction of ponderous epics, to be read by title only.

This was a manifestation of provincialism, of the desire of a locality on the circumference to demand equality with the spot in the centre of things. Provincialism may be defined as an uneasy self-assertion, supported by faith but not justified by works. It was painfully prevalent in the United States in the first half of the nineteenth century; and it was sharply satirised by Lowell in an often quoted passage of the "Fable for Critics":

> Why, there's scarcely a huddle of log-huts and shanties
> That has not brought forth its Miltons and Dantes:
> I myself know ten Byrons, one Coleridge, three Shelleys,
> Two Raphaels, six Titians (I think), one Apelles.
> Leonardos and Rubenses plenty as lichens;
> One (but that one is plenty) American Dickens,
> A whole pack of Lambs, any number of Tennysons;
> In short, if a man has the luck to have any sons
> He may feel pretty certain that one out of twain
> Will be some very great person over again.

And in these same earlier decades of the last century there was to be observed by the side of the self-assertion of provincialism the self-abasing attitude of colonialism, of the inability to see our own except through the spectacles belonging to British critics. Colonialism may be defined as a timid deference to

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the opinion of the mother country and as a blank disbelief that anything good can come out of our own. Lowell, though he did not call it by name, could not fail to perceive this colonialism as clearly as he saw the provincialism; and he hit at it and hit it off in his contemptuous dismissal of the writing that

> suits each whisper and motion
> To what will be thought of it over the ocean.

IV

Now, in this second decade of the twentieth century it is possible for native historians of the American branch of English literature to discuss it, if not with absolute detachment, at least dispassionately, avoiding alike the arrogance of provincialism and the humility of colonialism. The task is not easy even now, since the expansion of literature is relatively so recent in the United States, that we shall lack yet awhile the perspective of time, which is unerring in assigning the prominent positions to the authors of most importance and of most significance. Perhaps it is possible here to find help in the smart saying of a long forgotten journalist that "foreign nations are a contemporaneous posterity." By holding fast to cosmopolitan standards we may save ourselves any temptation to take our own native geese for swans of Avon and to equal our mocking-bird to the alien nightingale. There is not likely to be any lamentable failure of justice, if the critics who attempt to record the development of English literature here in the United States strive honestly to ascertain the exact position of our leading authors, first of all in American literature itself, second in English literature as a whole, and thirdly and finally in the larger literature of the world, present and past.

Thirty years ago the distinguished Spanish scholar who had been representing his native land at Washington, paused in New York on his way home and wrote a prefatory note to the American translation of his delightful novel, *Pepita Ximenez*. In this suggestive and stimulating letter of introduction to the American reading public, the Spanish author-diplomat took occasion to insist upon the essential unity of the literature of any language and to dwell upon the necessary recognition of American literature as an integral part of English literature. Yet he paid us the compliment of remarking that we Americans had brought to the common fund of the English-speaking peoples and to the culture of the race "rich elements, fine traits of character, and perhaps even higher qualities." He hoped for a favourable reception of his translated tale, because he had observed in "this American literature, of English origin and language, a certain largeness of view, a certain cosmopolitanism and affectionate comprehension of what is foreign, which is as broad as the continent that the Americans inhabit and which forms a contrast to the narrow exclusiveness of the insular British."

It must be noted that Don Juan Valera had earlier warned us that it was a delusion of national vanity to believe that there is or ever will be, "anything that with legitimate and candid independence may be called American literature." And then he made clear his precise meaning: "Greece diffused herself throughout the world in flourishing colonies, founded powerful states in Egypt, in Syria, and even in Bactriana, among peoples who, unlike the American Indians, possessed a high civilisation of their own. But, notwithstanding this dispersion and this political severance from the mother-country, the literature of Syracuse, of Antioch and of Alexandria, was as much Greek literature as was the literature of Athens. For the same reason the literature of New York and Boston will continue to be as much English literature as the literature of London and Edinburgh; the literature of Mexico and Buenos Ayres will continue to be as much Spanish literature as the literature of Madrid; the literature of Rio Janeiro will be as much Portu-

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guese literature as the literature of Lisbon. Political union may be severed, but, between peoples of the same tongue and of the same race, the ties of spiritual fraternity are indissoluble, so long as their common civilisation lasts. There are immortal kings or emperors who reign and rule in America by true divine right and against whom no Washington or Bolivar shall prevail and from whom no Franklin can snatch the sceptre. These tyrants are named Cervantes, Shakespeare and Camoens."

Chronicle and Comment

The Toll

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, in the London *Sphere* extends his sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fielding Dickens on the loss of their son, Major Cedric Dickens, who was recently killed on the western front. Henry Fielding Dickens is Charles Dickens's youngest son. Cedric Dickens was a choir boy at Brompton Oratory, and at the beginning of the war he did some very energetic recruiting, with the result that nearly all his companions in the choir at the famous church joined the army with him. Another son of Henry Fielding Dickens, Phillip, always known in the family as Pip, after the Pip of his grandfather's novel, has been wounded, as have also the three sons—Max, Alfred, and Harold, of the novelist, Max Pemberton.

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H. G. Wells

Mr. Shorter also discusses H. G. Wells's war book, *Mr. Britling Sees it Through,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. While he concedes that Mr. Wells is a great critic of life, vigourous and independent, he sees certain limitations.

> Mr. Wells, although I believe he calls himself a Socialist, is thoroughly a Prussian at heart. Idealism and sentiment play but little part in his scheme of the universe. He would be quite unable to understand national aspiration independently of a well-ordered world. Had he lived in George III.'s time he would, I think, have wished to hang George Washington as passionately as did that monarch—the ally of the arch-Prussian, Friedrich II.

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Cartoons of the Nations

Several years ago there ran in The Bookman a series of papers dealing with "The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature." The first paper in that series naturally dealt with the cartoons inspired by the various aspects of the Napoleonic struggle. Caricature in the first and second decades of the last century was in full swing, yet the paucity of cartoons dealing with the fight against the Corsican compared with the enormous mass of cartoons reflecting the great war of one hundred years later is an illuminating illustration of the advance of human activity. Now and then in the rush of events some one has stopped to collect and publish in book form those caricatures which have seemed most significant. Such a book, now before us, is *International Cartoons of the War* (E. P. Dutton and Company), with an introduction by H. Pearl Adam. The selections are made from English, Italian, Japanese, Dutch, Russian, Polish, French, German, and North and South American sources. The material of the cartoonist, Mr. Adam tells us, is drawn from sources useless to the writer, or at best, of only ephemeral utility. A chance heard remark, the expression of a face seen in the street, the glances turned on a wounded man as he hobbles by on his stick, the ineptitude of a comment on

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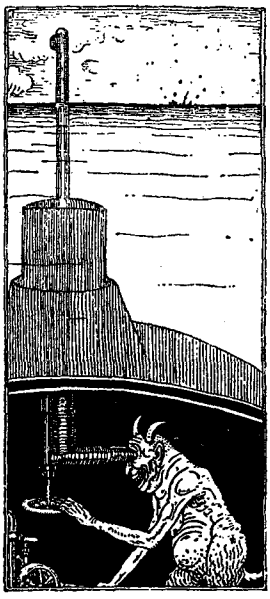

IN THE SUBMARINE
A DUTCH CARTOON

the day's news—these are the media by which the cartoonist conveys his views of what his country feels.

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Being pro-ally Mr. Adam takes the stand that the good cause has always produced the good cartoonist. On that ground he dismisses German caricature dealing with the war as being intended to rouse hatred, scorn, and anger. But he is just a little bit unfortunate in his allusions to the work of James Gillray in the Napoleonic struggle. Certainly no German cartoonist has surpassed the vindictiveness, the bitterness, of that man over whom the shadows of madness were gathering. On the other hand he is perfectly justified when he points out the dignity and self-restraint which has marked the best English caricature dealing with the war. For example, the cartoons which have appeared in London *Punch* have been hard blows, but invariably they have been blows above the belt. "Germany reads *Punch* with stupefaction," says Mr. Adam. "What, we not only laugh at Germans, we laugh more at the English! Extraordinary, sinister, effete, degenerate race! It is true, we laugh at ourselves far more than at anybody else—and very often it is for that painful but cogent reason, that we may not weep. Perhaps at the front they laugh wholeheartedly at *Punch;* at home it is a different laugh that greets Tommy in his imperturbable good humour. In the midst of a hell of fire, Tommy's say that what with the beastly Belgian tobacco and the blooming French matches, this'll be the death of him. Sitting on the edge of a trench which consists of nothing but blood and water, in a fearful downpour, he remarks that he pities the poor fellows at home—the London streets must be something awful."

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In the French trenches Tommy's point of view is that of Jean, as is shown by a cartoon by Forain, one of the greatest cartoons that the war has yet inspired. It was produced at a time

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GERMAN OFFICER SCHEMING KIND ACTIONS.
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

when the first excitement had died away, when the victory of the Marne had for months been followed by stagnation,—stagnation and victory, progress and casualty—a time when no news ever came, when Paris was left in a kind of twilight of suspense and endurance, when bereaved wives and mothers were told in the morning that their loved ones "were gloriously dead for their country," and read at night that "there is nothing to report on the front; the night was calm." Just for a moment there was a feeling that the war was long and the task of endurance hard. Forain swept that feeling away by a dose of strong tonic. He drew two French privates in a trench, snow and hail and shrapnel raining about them. And one private says: "If only they hold out!" "Who?" the other asks with a look of great surprise. "Why, those civilians!" is the answer. In a week that drawing was historic and civilian France, with a blush and a laugh, had pulled herself together.

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Naturally, Mr. Adam has something to say about the Dutch cartoonist, Louis Raemakers. Only a neutral could have done what he has done; but it might not have been done at all had it not been for Raemakers's accusing pencil. In his work the war is a spiritual conflict, more deadly, more earnest, more vital, than any revolution, or reformation, or war since that struggle in which proud Lucifer fell. This is everyman's war, the world's war, the war of God and devil. "And, taking this heroic view of it, Raemakers has stepped into the rôle of Tragedy, which is 'to arouse pity and terror, and the noble movements of the soul.' There are many of his drawings which are too dreadful to be contemplated for long—'Slow Gas Poisoning,' the German thief trampling in blood that drops from his heavy sack, the professor and the devil leering delightedly into each other's eyes. But after such horrors one comes always back to the exquisite tenderness which is the real distinguishing characteristic of Raemakers. The young German soldier who writes home that 'Our cemeteries now stretch nearly to the sea,' is as tenderly drawn as are the widows of Belgium. The tenderness of strength is the heart of the tragic spirit, the heart that bleeds for suffering and weakness, the heart that grows hot for injustice and wrong. It is this spirit, with its heart of tenderness, that has made the fame of Raemakers."

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— N'aie pas peur, tue-la, j'la tiens.

"DON'T BE AFRAID, KILL HER. I AM HOLDING HER." A FRENCH CARTOON BY POULBOT IN "L'ANTI-BOCHE." POULBOT IS THE INTERPRETER OF FRENCH CHILDHOOD

Mr. Adam pays a tribute to the clever work of Mr. Heath Robinson, and a number of that artist's fantastic inventions have been brought together in a little volume with the dreadfully British title of *Hunlikely*. Here we see whimsicality at its wildest. The master minds of Krupp have turned out nothing like the inventions of Mr. Robinson's pencil. There is the armoured bayonet curler for spoiling the temper of the enemy's steel; the Pilsener pump for tapping the enemy's supper beer; the armoured corn-presser for crushing the enemy's boot; the hot-bottle for warming Highlanders' legs after a night in the trenches; the blow bomb for extinguishing the fuses of Zeppelin bombs; the shell diverter for returning the enemy's fire; the protected mine-finder for use in sounding for enemy mines; the screw stopper for plugging the muzzles of the enemy's rifles. All these the artist offers freely to the War Inventions Board. Prussian thoroughness is shown in the cartoon entitled "At Count Zeppelin's Evening Classes for Bomb Dropping;" while a series of sketches, under the general heading of "Wangling War Films," give practical suggestions for the making of moving pictures that will be popular with audiences in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Petrograd.

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Before Mr. Dooley

Here is a glimpse of Finley Peter Dunne in the days before the philosophies of Mr. Martin Dooley of the Archey Road made his name known in every corner of the United States. It appears in the course of James B. Corrothers's *In Spite of the Handicap,* the autobiog-

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APACHES IN THE TRENCHES, A GERMAN CARTOON. "PARIS WITHOUT LIGHT AND WITHOUT POLICE. THAT DOES MAKE A MAN HOMESICK!"

raphy of a northern negro who has been engaged in many sorts of work, from blacking boots to preaching the gospel—and writing poetry. In the later 'nineties Mr. Corrothers found his way to Chicago and there engaged in newspaper work.

When I began to "do space" on the *Chicago Journal,* Finley Peter Dunne, afterward author of the "Dooley" stories, was a "space writer" there. I remember him well. A middle-sized, well-set man of perhaps thirty, quiet, smooth-shaven and modest, he was quite friendly toward me. He was a thorough newspaper man. He was permitted usually to sign his name to whatever he had in the *Journal.* The *Journal* paid but five dollars a column, deducted for pictures, head-lines and subheads; but Dunne's weekly checks were usually pretty fair-sized ones. He was not a regular man, merely a "space writer," and the editors sometimes complained that his "stuff" was "too long." Though a good newspaper man and a fine fellow, there was nothing about him in those days to indicate the brilliant future which so soon was to be his. He began his "Dooley" stories in the *Journal,* selling them at the usual space rates. It was not long before there was a demand for them in the leading magazines, and the droll philosopher of the "Archey Road" became a household favourite.

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An intimate of Mr. Corrothers was the late Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet. The two first met when Corrothers was beginning to do newspaper work, and the acquaintance ripened into a friendship which lasted until Dunbar's death. At the time the acquaintance began Dunbar was not in any sense famous, though he had attracted some little attention in certain parts of the Middle West through his

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THE HAND OF GOD. BY NELSON GREENE. ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN AMERICAN CARTOONS OF THE WAR. FROM "PUCK"

two books of poems, *Oaks and Ivy,* and *Majors and Minors,* the first of which was printed at his own expense in his home town, Dayton, Ohio; and the second, through the assistance of two white friends, in Toledo. "In the eyes of many personal friends," Mr. Corrothers writes, "Dunbar was at this time the most gifted young man of his race; but to the general public he was unknown. The great majority of his own race had never heard of him, and the few negroes who had heard of him in any sense appreciated his worth to his race or could have been persuaded that so remarkable a literary career as was his awaited him. William Dean Howells, himself an Ohioan by birth, who later introduced Dunbar to the world, had not at that time even heard of the struggling negro poet whose literary sponsor he was ere long to become."

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France and Mr. Locke

It is France and the French influence that has done most to mould the work of W. J. Locke, says F. G. Bettany in the course of an article in the pages of the English *Bookman.* "How came about his precocious mastery of the language, his early fondness for things Gallic, I must have forgotten. Or are they to be connected in some way with his West Indian birth and schooling? This much I seem to recall that he was pretty soon familiar with the Paris of the students

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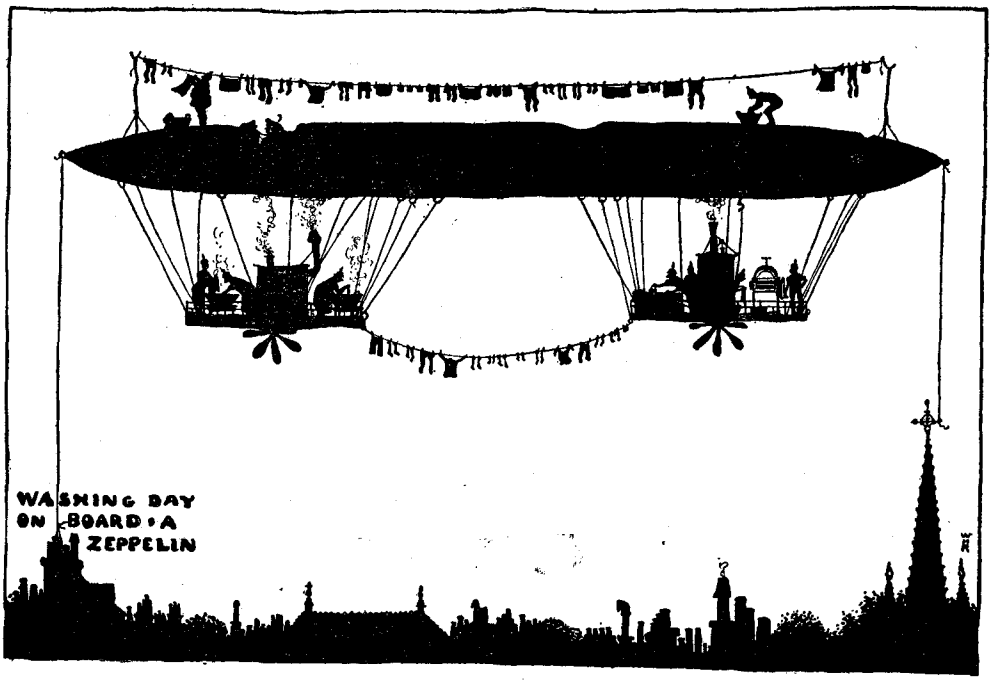

TITLE PAGE DESIGN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON FOR "HUNLIKELY"

and the cafés, and he has always read largely in French literature. Especially the novelists, from George Sand and Balzac onward. His first holiday journeys, too, appear to have gravitated inevitably toward France, and soon he knew its byways and unfrequented nooks. The atmosphere reacted on him like an intoxicant. It does so still, despite his much wider range of travel. A lightness gets into his stories the moment he touches French soil in them—a rise of spirits, a gaiety of heart and speech which is the more notable for being probably unconscious. France helped him to his best descriptions even in his prentice novel, and it is the scene of all that is brightest and quaintest and most humourous, yes and idyllic in his master work, the fantasy of Paragot—the beloved vagabond. Beauty, we are told, is in the eye that sees it, and so too is romance, so are the elements of the grotesque and the fantastic. Other men, even Frenchmen, tramping or motoring along French lanes might see in the inns and their frequenters the ordinary matter of fact, but into the air that he finds so tonic Mr. Locke brings his own wizardry with him, and hey presto! adventures, situations, startling, affecting, comic, abound."

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The Released Story

"When O. Henry left Houston, never to return, he left because he was summoned to come immediately to Austin and stand trial for alleged embezzlement of funds while acting as paying and receiving teller of the First National Bank of Austin. The indictments charged that on October 10, 1894, he misappropriated $554.48; on November 12, 1894, $299.60; and on November 12, 1895, $299.60." Thus Professor C. Alphonso Smith begins the sixth chapter, "The Shadowed Years," of his *Biography of O. Henry*. This is the story which has

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been so long generally known, so often hinted at, and which explains so much. Knowing it, it is easy to read between the lines of certain of the tales. O. Henry was always somewhat evasive in the matter of his age. He was inclined to subtract a few years. These were the years he wished to forget; the period from April 25, 1898 to July 24, 1901, when he was serving his sentence in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus. He protested his innocense to the end, yet the memory of the prison term naturally darkened and tinged his subsequent life. Almost six and one-half years have passed since that June Sunday morning when Sidney Porter passed away. "Pull up the shades; I don't want to go home in the dark," were his last words just before the end. It is time that the story should be told, fully and frankly. In his case above all the old saying holds: "To understand everything is to pardon everything."

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In the past we have heard a great deal on the subject of whether Sidney Porter was guilty or innocent. Professor Smith expresses the general view when he says that had Porter responded immediately to the summons from Austin he would certainly have been acquitted. "A victim of circumstances" was the verdict of the people in Austin who followed the trial most closely. Not one of them believed Porter guilty of wrong doing. It was notorious that the First National Bank was wretchedly managed. Its patrons, following an old custom, used to enter, go behind the counter, take out one hundred or two hundred dollars, and say a week later: "Porter, I took out two hundred dollars last week. See if I left a memorandum of it. I meant to." Long before the crash came, Porter had protested to his friends that it was impossible to make the books balance. His predecessor in the position was driven to retirement, his successor to attempted suicide. The supposition is that when Porter left Houston it was with the intention of going to Austin. But when the train reached Hempstead, about a third of the way to Austin, O. Henry had had time to pass in review the scenes of the trial, to picture himself a prisoner, to look upon the future and see himself marked with the stigma of suspicion. His imagination outran his reason, and when the night train passed Hempstead on the way to New Orleans, Porter was on it.

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He made the mistake that many other men have made. He was going to save himself and his family from a public humiliation, and to start life over again in a new place. His knowledge of Spanish and his ignorance of Honduras made the little Central American republic seem just the haven in which to cast anchor. How long he remained in New Orleans on the way is not known. Perhaps he merely passed through the city, taking the first available through steamer for the Honduran coast. At any rate he was in Trujillo and was standing on the wharf when he saw a man in a tattered dress suit step from a newly arrived fruit steamer. "Why did you leave so hurriedly?" asked O. Henry. "Perhaps for the same reason as yourself," replied the stranger. "What is your destination?" enquired O. Henry. "I left America to keep away from my destination," was the reply. "I'm just drifting. How about yourself?" "I can't drift," said O. Henry; "I'm anchored." The stranger was Al Jennings, the leader of one of the most notorious gangs of train robbers that ever infested the Southwest. Eighteen years later, in *Beating Back,* Mr. Jennings was to tell the story of his life and its regeneration. But when he and Porter met in Honduras he was still frankly a fugitive outlaw. With the idea of putting distance between them and United States justice Al Jennings and his brother Frank had chartered a tramp steamer at Galveston. Porter joined them and the three circled the entire coast of South America. When the money was exhausted the Jennings brothers decided to rob a Ger-

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man trading store and bank in northern Texas, and asked Porter to share in the venture. But Porter refused. He would not even volunteer to hold the horses.

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In his hurried flight Sidney Porter had left a wife and daughter behind him. His thoughts in Honduras were of them always. He had chosen a school for the daughter in Honduras and was doing everything he could to have a little home ready for them. But the news reached him that his wife was stricken with a mortal illness. That changed everything. He gave up all hope of a Latin American home and started for Austin determined to take his punishment. He passed again through New Orleans, and, according to the trial reports, arrived in Austin February 5, 1897. On bail he went free till the next meeting of the Federal Court, and all his time and thought were given to his dying wife. Gradually, through the spring and early summer she faded, growing steadily weaker. It was a man who apparently did not care very much what happened who faced trial the following February. He begged his friends to keep away from the court room and gave his lawyers little or no assistance in the case. One error in the indictment was so patent that it is hard to understand how it could have gone unchallenged. He was charged with having embezzled $299.60 on November 12, 1895, "the said W. S. Porter being then and there the teller and agent of a certain National Banking Association, then and there known and designated as the First National Bank of Austin." As a matter of fact on November 12, 1895, Porter was living in Houston, having resigned his position at the Austin bank almost eleven months before. But it was not the evidence in the case that convicted him. It was his unfortunate flight to Honduras. The verdict of guilty, rendered February 17, 1898, carried with it a sentence of five years' imprisonment in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus. William Sidney Porter began his prison term on March 25, 1898.

What a picture it is, that of O. Henry wearing convict stripes! Yet to the bitter months that brought the prison pallor to his face the world probably owes those two hundred and seventy odd stories that have delighted so many tens of thousands of readers. The inefficient bank clerk entered the institution; the story-teller emerged. When he passed within the walls of the prison he was asked, "What is your occupation?" "I am a newspaper reporter," he replied. There was little opportunity for that profession in that place, but the next question may be said to have saved his life. "What else can you do?" "I am a registered pharmacist," was the answer, almost as an after thought. The profession which he had loathed in the early days in Greensboro because it meant confinement was now to prove the stepping-stone to comparative freedom. More than that his career as prison drug clerk enabled him to gather the material which he was later to use in the stories incorporated in *The Gentle Grafter*. That book portrays the tales told him on his night rounds. Within the walls were unfortunates from the east and from the west. One of them was Al Jennings, who had shared Porter's Central and South American experiences. Another was Jimmy Considine, one time proprietor of the old Hotel Metropole in New York City. Considine spent all of his time painting. Out of this came a falling out with O. Henry. Considine painted a cow with its tail touching the ground. Porter gave a Texas cowman's explanation of the absurdity of such a thing and won Considine's undying hatred. Porter was an unusually good pharmacist and for this reason was permitted to look after the minor ills of the prisoners at night. He would spend two or three hours on the range or tiers of cells every night and knew most of the prisoners and their life stories.

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The chief physician of the prison was Dr. John M. Thomas. The night doc-

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tor was George M. Williard. Both were good friends of Porter, who was in every sense a model prisoner. Dr. Williard was the first to recognise the original of Jimmy Valentine, of the story "A Retrieved Reformation," and the subsequent play *Alias Jimmy Valentine*. In a letter to Professor Smith Dr. Williard writes:

The moment I read O. Henry's description and character delineation of Jimmy Valentine in "A Retrieved Reformation," I said, "That's Jimmy Connors through and through." Connors was in for blowing a postoffice safe. He was day drug clerk in the prison hospital at the same time Porter was night clerk. The men were friendly and often, early in the evening, before Connors went to bed, he would come and talk to Porter and tell him of his experiences.

Although Connors admitted himself guilty of many other jobs he claimed not to be guilty of the one for which he was serving time. Another man who resembled Connors had blown a safe and Connors was arrested and sent to prison for it. Because of fear of implicating himself in other jobs of which he was guilty, he said, he never told on the other man, but went to prison innocent. This statement was borne out early in his term in the penitentiary by the arrival of the sheriff who had sent him up and who, in the meantime, had arrested the real culprit and secured from him a confession. To right his wrong the sheriff went to Washington, but the inspectors knew Jimmy Connors and said he doubtless was guilty of some other jobs and had best stay in prison for safe-keeping. He did stay, giving O. Henry the chance to meet him and find inspiration for "A Retrieved Reformation."

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From five o'clock at night until five in the morning were Porter's prison working hours. At 7 P.M. he took a medicine case and made the rounds with the night physician to see those who had become sick during the day. At ten o'clock the doctor went to bed and from then on during the night Porter himself prescribed for the patients and looked after them. These were of course the minor cases. Any prisoner found to be seriously ill was transferred to the hospital. By midnight most of the work was finished and there was a light supper. Then the drug clerk became the story teller. J. B. Rumer, a night guard at the penitentiary, has told of Porter's working hours from midnight till dawn.

He always wrote with pen and ink and would often work for two hours continuously without rising. He seemed oblivious to the world of sleeping convicts about him, hearing not even the occasional sigh or groan from the beds which were stretched before him in the hospital ward or the tramp of the passing guards. After he had written for perhaps two hours he would rise, make a round of the hospital, and then come back to his work again. He got checks at different times and once told me that he had only two stories rejected while he was in prison.

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In the Columbus Penitentiary Sidney Porter lived in constant expectation of a pardon. It never came. He entered the prison March 25, 1898; he left it July 24, 1901. Making allowance for the time to which he was entitled for good behaviour he served his full sentence. His daughter Margaret was living in Pittsburgh. She did not know where her father was; and from the moment of his sentence it was his chief concern that she should never know. But he was writing her letters, beautiful, whimsical letters. Here, for example, is one of the early days dated July 8, 1898:

HELLO, MARGARET:

Don't you remember me? I'm a Brownie, and my name is Aldibirontiphostiphornikophokos. If you see a star shoot and say my name seventeen times before it goes out, you will find a diamond ring in the track of the first blue cow's foot you see go down the road in a snowstorm while the red roses are blooming on the tomato vines. Try it some time. I know all about Anna and Arthur Dudley, but they don't see me. I was riding

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by on a squirrel the other day and saw you and Arthur Dudley give some fruit to some trainmen. Anna wouldn't come out. Well good-bye, I've got to take a ride on a grasshopper. I'll just sign my first letter—"A."

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On the same day he is writing her another letter, the purpose of which is obviously to allay any wondering uneasiness she may be feeling over his absence.

MY DEAR MARGARET:

You don't know how glad I was to get your nice little letter to-day. I am so sorry I couldn't come to tell you good-bye when I left Austin. You know I would have done so if I could have.

Well, I think it's a shame some men folks have to go away from home to work and stay away so long—don't you? But I tell you

C. ALPHONSO SMITH WHOSE "BIOGRAPHY OF O. HENRY" IS THE FIRST BOOK DEALING WITH W. S. PORTER TO DISCUSS FRANKLY CERTAIN YEARS OF THE STORY TELLER'S LIFE

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what's a fact. When I come home next time I'm going to stay there. You bet your boots I'm getting tired of staying away so long.

I'm so glad you and Munny are going to Nashville. I know you'll have a fine ride on the cars and a good time when you get to Uncle Bud's. Now you must have just the finest time you can with Anna and the boys and tumble around in the woods and go fishing and have lots of fun. Now, Margaret, don't you worry any about me, for I'm well and fat as a pig and I'll have to be away from home a while yet and while I'm away you can just run up to Nashville and see the folks there.

And not long after you come back home I'll be ready to come and I won't ever have to leave again.

So you be just as happy as you can, and it won't be long till we'll be reading Uncle Remus again of nights.

I'll see if I can find another one of Uncle Remus's books when I come back. You didn't tell me in your letter about your going to Nashville. When you get there you must write me a long letter and tell me what you saw on the cars and how you like Uncle Bud's stock farm.

MILDRED ALDRICH, AUTHOR OF "THE HILL TOP ON THE MARNE"

MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES, AUTHOR OF "GOOD OLD ANNA," WHICH IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

When you get there I'll write you a letter every week, for you will be much nearer to the town I am in than Austin is.

I do hope you will have a nice visit and a good time. Look out pretty soon for another letter from me.

I think about you every day and wonder what you are doing. Well, I will see you again before very long.

Your loving

PAPA.

The stories that had been written in the prison in Columbus had gone first to New Orleans and been remailed there. After July 24, 1901, they were sent direct from Pittsburgh, for to that city Sidney Porter went directly after his release. Margaret was there, living with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Roach. Of how O. Henry went to New York in the spring of 1902 at the invitation of Mr. Gilman Hall, at that time an associate editor of *Ainslie's* THE BOOKMAN has already told in the

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series of papers "Little Pictures of O. Henry," which appeared three years ago. New York needed Porter and Porter needed New York. Very soon he found that he could not work outside of his "Little Old Bagdad on the Subway," his "City of Too Many Caliphs." "I could look at these mountains a hundred years," he once said in Asheville, "and never get an idea, but just one block downtown and I catch a sentence, see something in a face—and I have got my story." He spent a great deal of time knocking around the streets. He used to walk at all hours of the day and night along the river fronts, through Hell's Kitchen, down the Bowery, dropping into all manner of places, and talking with any one who would hold converse with him. The hand to mouth existence led by the New York working girls was of particular interest to him. "An Unfinished Story" and "The Third Ingredient" were taken straight from life. His chief quest was for "What's around the corner," his underlying purpose was to get first-hand material for his tales. Consciously he never borrowed a plot or accepted one that was offered to him. But hints he would take and from all conceivable sources. "Once at a dinner," says Mrs. Porter (O. Henry's second wife, née Miss Sallie Coleman of Asheville, North Carolina), "my brother told him of a man who hated the particular locality in which he lived so bitterly that he had gone far away, but at death his body had been brought back to the very spot he disliked for burial." O. Henry was seen to jot down the idea on his cuff, but it does not reappear in any of his stories. Nor does an earlier incident of which he made at least a mental note at the time. A prisoner convicted of murder had been electrocuted in Columbus and his last words were, "A curse upon the warden and all of his." Two weeks later the warden dropped dead. But no O. Henry story turns upon the fulfillment of a malediction.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE. SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S "LIFE OF JOHN MARSHALL" WILL BE REVIEWED LATER

STACY AUMONIER, AUTHOR OF "OLGA BARDEL," WHICH IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

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Porter's favourite coign of vantage was the restaurant. From his seat there, as from his window in the Caledonia in West Twenty-sixth Street, and his window in the Irving Place house, he gazed at his peep show with unflagging relish. The more individual hotels, restaurants, and cabarets of New York were ticketed and classified in his mind as men classify bugs or books. Their patrons were divided into two classes: those who knew and those who thought they knew, the real thing and those who wanted to be considered the real thing. If the "has beens" had free access to O. Henry's pockets, Professor Smith comments, the "would bes" occupy almost an equal space in his pages; and among the "would bes" the would be Bohemians come first. Though Porter's studies of New York life began as soon as he arrived in the city, it was not till 1904 that his stories reflected in a marked degree his new environment. The intervening tales dealt with the West or Southwest and with Central or South America. 1904 and 1905 were the most prolific years of his life. For 1904, omitting the stories published in *Cabbages and Kings* and counting only those that have since appeared in book form, the total is sixty-five; the total for 1905 is fifty. Of these one hundred and fifteen stories all but sixteen deal directly or indirectly with New York City.

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Glimpses

There are glimpses of the Americans of yesterday in Edward Carpenter's *My Days and Dreams* (Charles Scribner's Sons). In 1877 Carpenter visited America, carrying letters of introduction to Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Norton and others. Emerson he found very charming and friendly. He stayed one night at his house and dined with him and his wife and his daughter Ellen. Emerson's failure of memory for names was considerable, and at times painful, and there was a fixed look of age often in his eye; but otherwise he was active in body and full of fun and enjoyment of intellectual life. To Carpenter Emerson expressed his admiration for Carlyle and Tennyson; his want of the same for Matthew Arnold; and his plain contempt of Lewes's *Life of Goethe*.

His conversation generally seemed very *literary* in character, and I could not get him to express any views or ideas about America's place and progress. When I spoke of Walt Whitman he made an odd whinnying sound; "Well, I thought he had some merit at one time; there was a good deal of promise in the first edition—*burt* he is a wayward fanciful man. I saw him in New York and asked him to dine at my hotel. He shouted for a 'tin mug' for his beer. Then he had a *noisy* fire engine society. And he took me there and was like a boy over it, as if there had never been such a thing before." Emerson also took exception to Whitman's metre.

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Mr. Carpenter was not so pleased with Oliver Wendell Holmes. He calls him—"a good-natured little spiteful creature, one might say, with shovel under lip and bright grey blue eyes under a low brow, a dapper active man of seventy—his vanity qualified by geniality and humour. No ideas whatever about America." In New York the Englishman met William Cullen Bryant. "It was at his editorial office. Though eighty-four years old he was walking down there daily and getting through much work. He was infirm and aged looking of course, but still wonderfully active; forehead narrowing above and high like a sort of promontory, straight brow and eyes sunken but opening out on you occasionally. Straight nose inclined to a hook, and high bridge, white hair like a thin fall of spray over neck, ears and mouth, a very literary person—and manners extremely demonstrative, even unsympathetic."

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The Unpleasant Tennyson

There is a vivid portrait of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, in one of the chapters of the Right Honourable G. W. Russell's *Portraits of the Seventies*. But from it the reader will be likely to agree with those who maintain that if Tennyson was to be one of the chief divinities of the poetical heaven, the safest course was to worship him at a distance. In the seventies Tennyson was still the most commanding figure in English poetry although some rivals had appeared to dispute the universal sway which he exercised in the sixties. Although he spent his time between his homes in Sussex and the Isle of Wight he was occasionally seen in London. There he certainly looked the poet to perfection. "His long dark hair, mingled with the untrimmed luxuriance of beard, whiskers, and moustache, his soft hat, of Spanish mode, his loose cloak, and his clay pipe, all combined to give the world assurance of a 'Bard'; for so 'twas the mode in Tennysonian circles to style him. His manner was abrupt, his voice gruff, his vocabularies borrowed from the eighteenth century, and his whole demeanour that of a man who expected, and was accustomed, to be worshipped. Once a lady who profoundly admired his genius, ventured to remonstrate with him on what she thought his undue eagerness for a peerage. He replied in a document called 'My Wrath.' The entreaties of his friends prevented him from despatching it; but he kept it handy in a draw, and, if a visitor chanced to mention the lady's name, he would rejoin: 'Oh, do you know that woman? Then you shall hear what I think of her,' and would read the document, 'mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,' with much 'deep-chested music,' while his hearers listened and trembled."

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Mr. Russell found Browning in pleasing contrast. Browning was thoroughly at home in society; he enjoyed his dinner; was bright, cheerful, and quite unaffected. No slouch hats or conspirator's cloaks for Browning. He might have passed for a politician, or a financier, or a diplomat, or, indeed, for anything except a poet. Mr. Russell tells two Browning stories. They are not absolutely unfamiliar, but they are worth repeating. Once, when Browning was dining with Mr. Russell, the latter had collected a group of disciples to meet him. After dinner one of these

EDWARD CARPENTER, AUTHOR OF "MY DAYS AND DREAMS"

enthusiasts led the great man into a corner, and began cross-examining him about such topics as the identity of the "Lost Leader" and the meaning of the one hundred and fifth line of a "Death in the Desert." Browning, who had never meant the "Lost Leader" for any one in particular, and had forgotten all about Theotypas, was bored to the last extremity. When his patience was utterly exhausted he laid his hand on the

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questioner's shoulder, saying, "But, my dear fellow, this is too bad. I am monopolising you," and skipped out of the room. When everyone was talking of *Robert Elsmere* an eager admirer asked: "Have you read *Robert Elsmere,* Mr. Browning?" "No, I haven't," was the reply, "and what's more, I don't mean to. I like religion to be treated seriously; and I don't want to hear what *this* curate thought about it or what *that* curate thought about it."

GREAT HOUSES OF LETTERS

II. MAX GATE, DORCHESTER, WHERE THOMAS HARDY WROTE HIS WESSEX NOVELS

Max Gate, Dorchester, the home of Thomas Hardy, is almost in the heart of the country Hardy has made his own in his novels. From Dorchester the scenes of the various stories may be said to radiate. In the days of the Roman occupation the town was a military base, known as Duronvaria. When the Danes held sway in Britain the vicissitudes which overtook it were numerous and disastrous. Early in the eleventh century, the town, then flourishing, and one of the chief places in the West of England, was totally destroyed by fire. After the Norman Conquest its advance was at first slow. But eventually a rich priory was established, a castle erected, and the town walls enlarged, repaired, and strengthened.

Its misfortunes, however, were not at an end. Toward the close of the sixteenth century it was stricken with the plague, and the population of the town reduced by one-half. Soon after there was a great fire which laid two-thirds of Dorchester in ruins. Loyal to the Roundhead cause in the Civil War, it was captured by the King's forces under the Earl of Carnarvon. In 1685 it was at Dorchester that Jeffreys held his "Bloody Assizes." Jeffreys's chair is still shown at the Town Hall. Three hundred and twenty prisoners, more or less implicated in the Monmouth Rebellion, were tried; and two hundred and ninety-two received sentences of death. As Thomas Hardy knew it and described it as the Casterbridge of the Wessex Novels, it was a typical West Country town of about eight thousand inhabitants. Max Gate lies about three-quarters of a mile outside the town, and is approached by a drive from the Wareham road. From the upper windows the house commands a view of the valley of the river Frome. To the south, six or seven miles distant, lies the Channel Coast. Outwardly Max Gate is simple and unpretentious. But the interior, with the originals of many of the illustrations made for the stories that have appeared serially, reflects the atmosphere of the Wessex Tales.

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MAX GATE, DORCHESTER. THOMAS HARDY'S HOME

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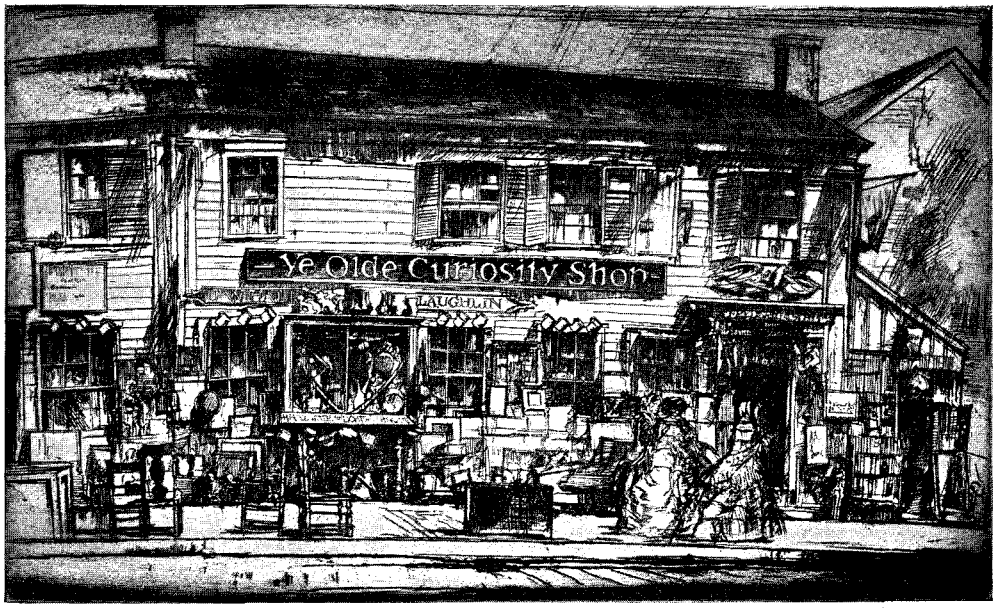

Courtesy of Keppel and Company

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, NANTUCKET

SOME ETCHINGS BY EARL HORTER

BY AMOS STOTE

". . . the etcher's needle, on its point,
Doth catch what in the artist-poet's mind
Reality and fancy did create."

A MAN who finds as much artistic attraction in Brooklyn backyards, Harlem flats and skycraper excavations as he does in mediæval architecture and quaint groupings of old world buildings is likely to be a man whose work is worth considering. And such a man is Earl Horter, etcher. To him etching is the scientific development of a fine art, the art of thinking and composing in line rather than in tone; and the sense that makes for subject selection must be cultivated after the manner of cultivating fine books.

In "The old Curiosity Shop, Nantucket," Horter has etched a faithful portrait of a true Colonial building given over to a subdued and sleepy traffic in old wares. The charming litter of antiques cluttering sidewalk and hanging from clapboard walls displays the technique of etching to a remarkable degree; while the art of suggestion and composition is shown in the tiny Colonial figures placed in the foreground. There is no modern, jarring note. In "Balconies, New Orleans," Horter has exhibited another phase of architectural portraiture to which etching is peculiarly adapted. Here it was not the buildings, but the ornate grill work, that attracted. In the hands of a painter such a subject would have inclined toward tiresomeness through the demand for detail; but the reserve of the copper plate gives an enduring charm to the graceful curves and flowing design of these old Creole structures.

A like fine sympathy with ornamentation is to be found in his "Courtyard, 28th Street, New York." The subject

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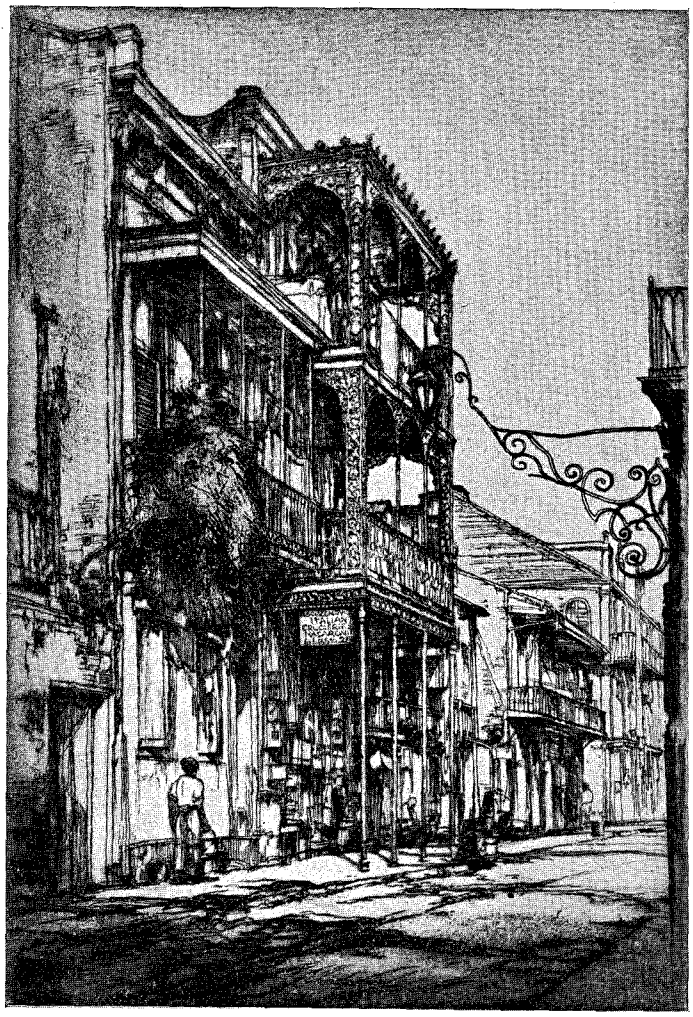
is as un-New York as "Balconies" is typical of the romantic Louisiana city, yet the print carries the same subtle appreciation of the beautiful. There is no attempt to create a dramatic contrast, to suggest the modern city or to tell a story of change and development. Wherever Horter etches he confines himself to the isolated view of his choice and holds strictly to the charm of the scene before him, unmindful and uncaring so far as extraneous effects are concerned.

You and I and the rest of humanity have no part to play on his plates other than as spots of colour or items of composition. Any sentiment read into Horter figures are entirely without his wish or will. If a water-front requires a note at some particular place to bring his drawing into balance, or to add rhythm to the scene, he may draw in a post, or he may draw in a person. If a solitary figure will emphasise the loneliness of some chosen view a half dozen hasty strokes do the work; and sex,



Courtesy of Keppel and Company

BALCONIES, NEW ORLEANS

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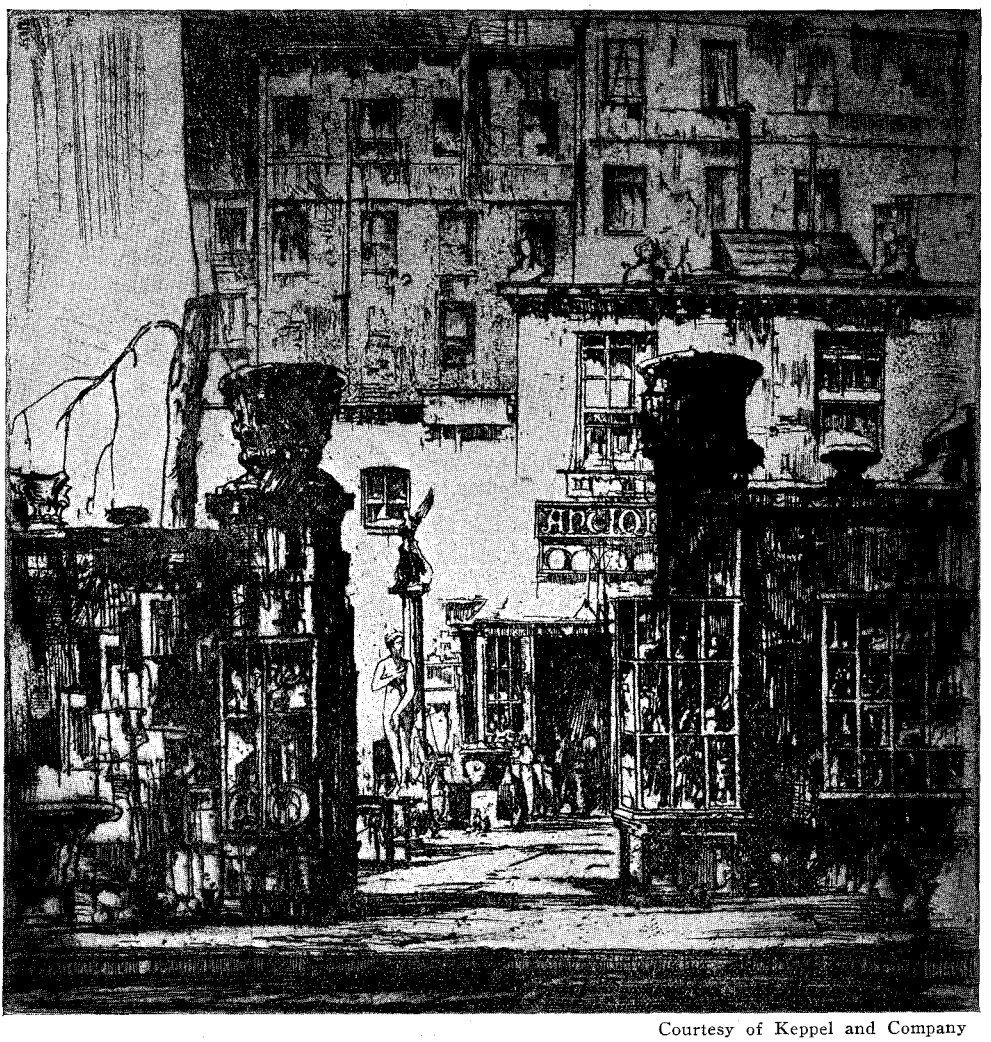

Courtesy of Keppel and Company

COURTYARD, TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK

age or social position have nothing to do with the matter. Take, for example, his figures in "The Wheelwright Shop." The idea of a brawny smith, the suggestion of simple pleasure or the indication of black drudgery, none of these thoughts entered the artist's head. The plate needed a touch of life to complete the composition. Horter put it in. He frankly was not concerned with the manner of men presented; neither as to what they were, nor as to what they were to be. In his "A Naples Quarter," the plate as originally etched was without life, but as the work progressed one figure after another was added to meet his composition requirements. The child on the outskirts of the central group has no meaning beyond rhythmic composition.

It is because of this submergence of human emotions, in fact indifference to all such emotions, a quality common to most of the world's greatest etchings

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that has made this art the aristocracy of all art. Not a snob, not cold or aloof, accusations reasonably lodged against certain types of over-nice paintings; but essentially a work of rank, is the true etching. And so, logically, it comes to pass that a love of good etchings parallels a love of good books. In substantiation of this claim we need but review a few well-established facts. Paintings have two classes of lovers. The sentimental majority who worship melodramatic art, pictures that tell a story; and the artist who is enamoured of technical qualities, who thrills at brush strokes and colour schemes. In contrast a real love of etchings requires no intelligent understanding of the painter's art; but rather calls for that cultural quality derived from friendship with fine books.

The attitude of the artist-etcher toward his work is evident in every plate in the Horter exhibition. All the creative thinking has been done in line rather than in colour and though a wide variety of subjects are included they were always chosen from the viewpoint of the etcher rather than from that of the painter. An intellectual quality that is seldom found in paint is manifest in these etchings. Their fine appeal, avoiding all boldness, touch the sensitive mind as does a literary achievement. They are far too aristocratic ever to become the darnings of the populace or to so much as attract the unlettered mind. Their bookishness may be somewhat attributed to their method of reproduction, to their display of printers' ink. Yet, because etchings are printed and so, in a sense, belong to the graphic arts, are even subject to certain mechanics of craftsmanship, the creative effort demanded of the artist makes etching one of the most delicate of sciences.

When Whistler etched, and Whistler was never more of an artist than when working on copper, all the carefully defined rules of his painting were laid aside. The delicacy of Rembrandt's line, even when his subjects smacked of the same fleshly character as delineated in his paintings, is totally different from the hot, sensuous strokes of his brush. and the marvelous Meryon, who strove with the steel needle as Poe did with the pen, who is one of the few etchers who endeavoured to depict the tragedy of life, even then wrought more of art than of humanity.

And so of Horter, whether drawing industrial America or ancient Europe, his real accomplishment in each instance is essentially artistic, fundamentally cultural. It is because of this indisputable fact, that true etchings are sensitively aristocratic, that we are able to live with them, that they never intrude, never offend or jar or become tiresome. It was this intellectual quality of the Horter exhibition that produced a thrill of satisfaction rather than a burst of applause; and the intelligently appreciative came away with the feeling more firmly grounded that etching is by no means the fiery expression of genius, but rather the creation of thoughtfully directed intelligence.

ON FINISHING A WONDERFUL BOOK

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

How I shall miss you, friend of the Autumn rains!
Friend of most quiet nights and candle gleams;
Yet why should I say good-bye, when your joy remains,
And into my heart you have poured the sun of your dreams?

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RABINDRANATH TAGORE DISCOVERS AMERICA

BY BAILEY MILLARD

I

It is one proof, among many others, of the poetic greatness of Rabindranath Tagore that he has not been dazzled by the manifestations of our Occidental science nor of our flamboyant commercialism. A night or two after his arrival from his native India in the new, bright San Francisco the wonderful Path of Gold lights were turned on for the first time, but it was difficult for the proud San Franciscans to induce Tagore to leave his room and go out and glance at the electric refulgence. The Bengali poet, who has written so disparagingly of Calcutta and of urban life generally, did not see in the most brilliantly lighted city in the world so much of wonder as he would have seen in a lotus bud.

In fact it was plain from the day of his arrival in this country that our turbulent nation, with its headlong steppliveliness, its Occidental arrogance and its self-assured greatness, had in Tagore not only an unappreciative observer but an unsparing critic. In his mild, ascetic way, but with deep conviction, he charges us with blind indifference to spiritual things. He accuses us of bowing down before the false god of "that dominant intellectual abstraction which you call a nation," and stigmatises our political system as inherently vicious. When in reply a critic pointed to India, a defeated and conquered nation, as proof of the fallacy of his preachment, he answered that the dust in which India's people have been bowed is sacred, while the bricks with which we of the Western world build the palaces of our temporal pride are accursed.

When he walked the streets of San Francisco or looked in upon Paul Elder's books or those of the Mechanics' Library his picturesque figure, one of the most striking ever seen in that cosmopolitan city, was followed by many curious eyes. The people saw in Tagore a slim man over six feet in height, with a high turban and long grey robe that made him look still taller, a full brow, deep brown eyes, a long greyish beard, flowing hair and features that reminded one of the Christ as he is seen in Da Vinci's pictures.

So that while his platform attacks upon Occidental materialism have been a magnificent advertisement, his own figure and dress and the mystic air that goes with them have also made their appeal to American imagination. And yet he is shy of the camera and of the interviewers and would have you believe that publicity is alien to his temperament. He could have made a fortune by lending himself to the films, but the idea was abhorrent to him.

II

When Kipling, coming to America for the first time from that same India, landed in the town by the Golden Gate, he wrote that San Francisco was "a mad city, inhabited for the most part by perfectly mad people." But Tagore was on the whole rather kind to San Francisco and praised some Californian institutions, among them the Lick Observatory. In fact the first inquiry he made upon his arrival was how he might reach that famous place of star-gazing. He gave the impression that to him it was the greatest thing in the West.

"Your Lick Institution," he said to a member of the faculty of the University of California with which it is affiliated, "has by its discoveries broadened the world's ideas of our universe, thus adding dignity to our life. Education along any line is alone valuable for giving em-

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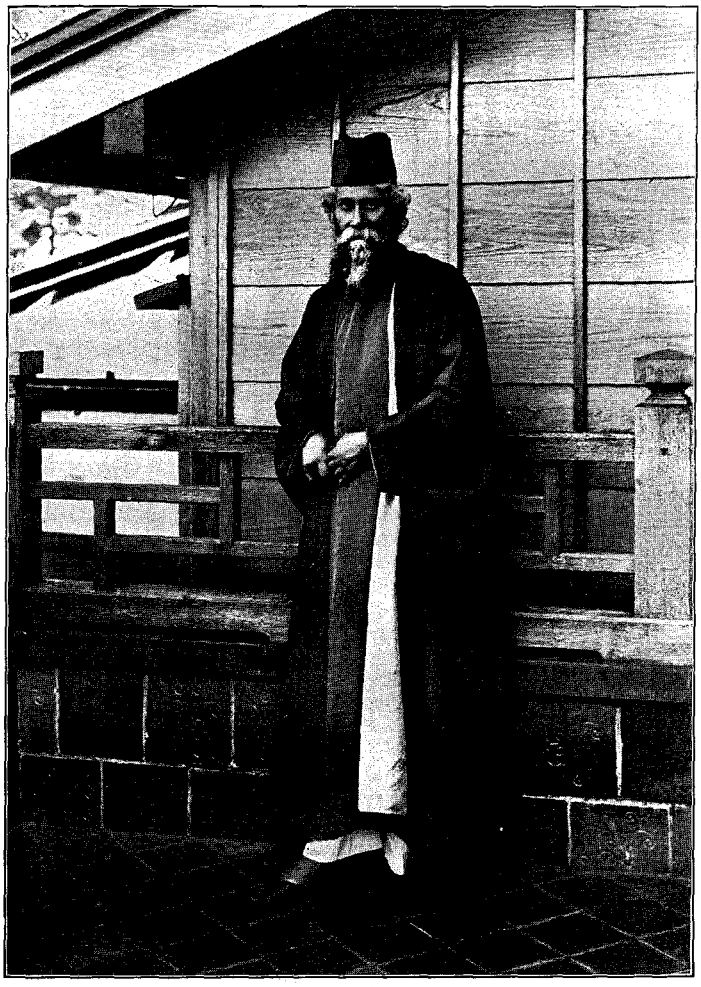

TAGORE IN JAPAN

phasis to the dignity of living and enabling each one of us to accomplish the most good for ourselves and our fellow-beings."

Ushered into the presence of Tagore and meeting the mild gaze of his great spiritual brown eyes—eyes that have looked deep into life and its meaning—the American who does not feel his own Occidental crudity and lack of suitable means of communication with such a being must be, indeed, a very self-sufficient person. Nor does the fact that "Gitanjali" and "The Crescent Moon" are dear to his heart, help him in the least in finding a common meeting ground with the poet. For not only will Tagore not talk about his own work to you on his own volition, but when you speak of any of his songs his silence and the passive, waiting look in those superb orbs make you feel that you have committed an awkward transgression. But after all this is not purely an Oriental literary characteristic—it is a trait of the true poet the world over. It reminded the present writer of a similar experience with William Watson,

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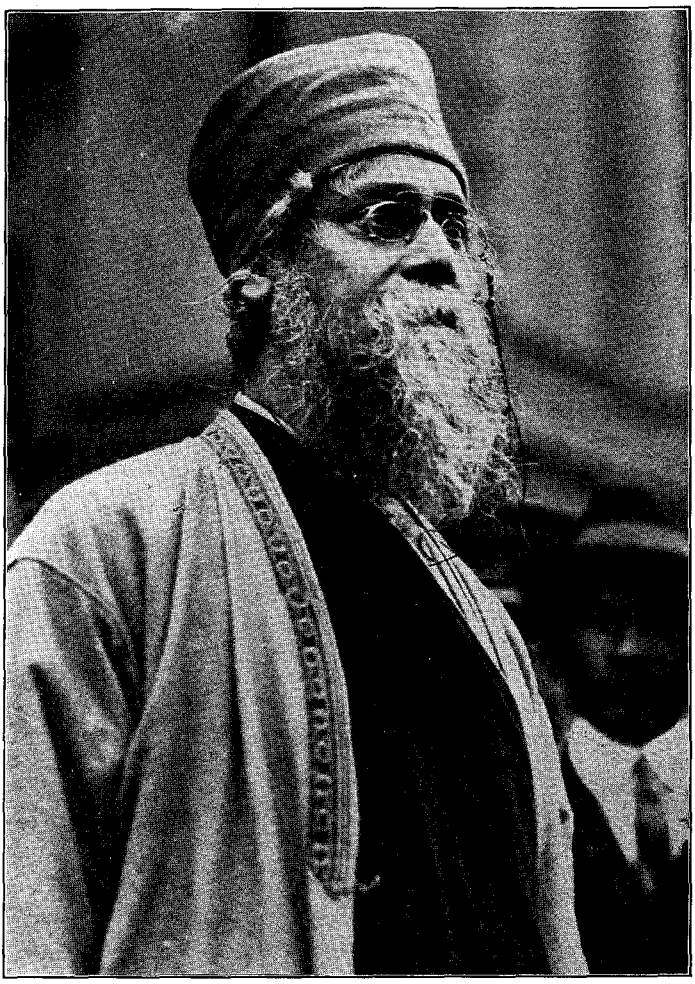

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TAGORE IN HIS READING COSTUME

who is in fact more shy on first acquaintance than Tagore. The great Indian reads in public, but he reads his plays and stories, rarely his verse.

There is a universality in supreme culture, whether it be of India or of England, and gentleness is its leading attribute. A gentler soul than that of Tagore one might search the world over and fail to find and yet one feels, even at a first meeting, that here is a potential force and one does not wonder that it has swayed all India and has reached across the seas to us who are less mystic but perhaps after all not less responsive to the beautiful.

To walk up to such a man and say, "Good morning, Mr. Tagore! How do you like America?" as one of our interviewers did, seemed as brusque a crudity as anything that could be committed, and yet my own greeting sounded hardly less abrupt, though just what it was need not be repeated. But it is well to warn New Yorkers and others who intrude upon the privacy of

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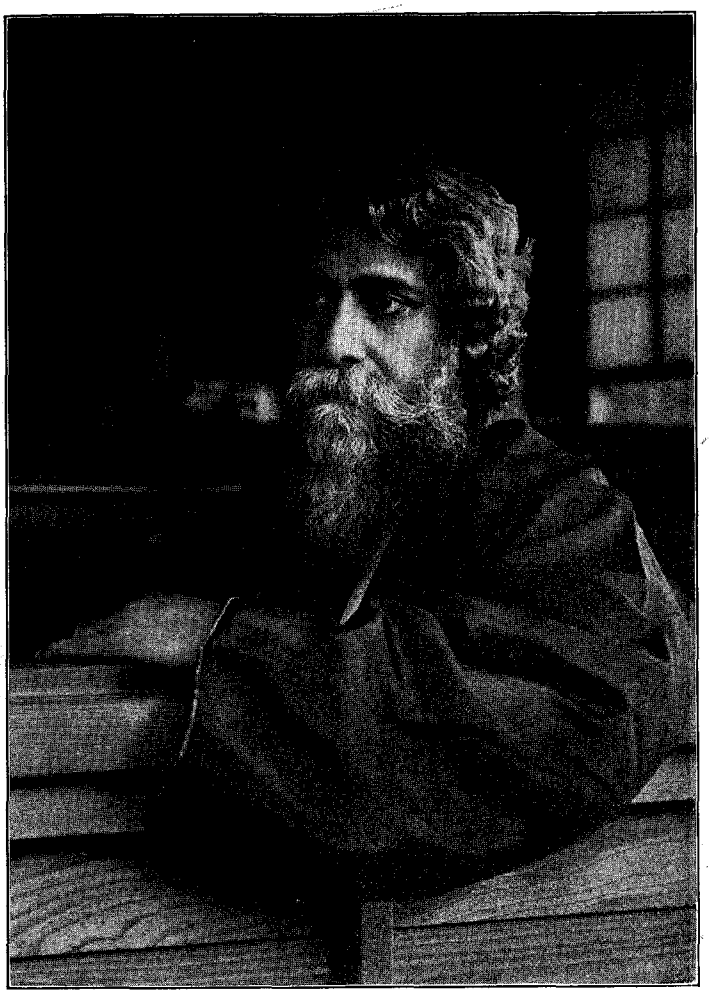

RABINDRANATH TAGORE. PORTRAIT TAKEN IN YOKOHAMA ON HIS WAY TO AMERICA

this strange, ascetic being not to offer to shake hands with him nor to blurt out something about his books. For Tagore does not shake hands either physically or poetically, though he is cordial enough and will talk all day about other people's poetry.

"I love your Emerson," he said in a high, soft, liquid voice, full of an Anglified accent. "In his work one finds much that is of India. In truth he made the teachings of our spiritual leaders and philosophers a part of his life. Both in his work and that of Thoreau there is an occasional thought from the Bagavat Vida. Emerson seems to have been particularly inspired by it.

"And his 'Brahma'—does that strike a true note in your Eastern ear?" was asked of him.

Tagore rested his slim hand upon his chin meditatively and repeated the lines beginning,

"If the red slayer think he slays."

Yes; that poem had in it the Brahmin concept which Emerson seemed to have gained as few other Western thinkers had done, but with all his erudition

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AS TAGORE APPEARED ON LANDING AT SAN FRANCISCO FROM INDIA

Emerson did not appeal to him as strongly as Whitman. He voiced the view of the French academicians, perhaps in an imitative or unconsciously adaptive spirit, when he declared:

"Whitman is your greatest poet. To me his is the highest name. In poetry one must have originality and spontaneity and that breadth of thought which tells you that the poet has seen deeply and knows humanity. Whitman gives me pictures—pictures. Through his work I know your country and I catch its heart-beat. You say that your present-day critics consider him crude—that they laugh at him? What matter? His is the great voice of your nation—the greatest it ever has had. I see nothing in the more carefully written recent verse that gives me more than mere echoes. His was a voice—not an echo. I like those poems of the States and that one of your Lincoln,

"O Captain, my Captain!"

"Do not tell me that your critics call him crude. Whitman speaks to me—that is enough."

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"But Lanier called his verse 'raw collops from the rump of poetry.'"

The poet smiled indifferently.

"Who is Lanier?" he asked. And there was no chance to tell him of the work of the great Southron nor to say that he was dead, for he rippled placidly on about the man whose poetry he loved:

"Emerson in his verse and in his prose speaks to me, too," he said; "but not like Whitman. Emerson was an idealist and he gave your countrymen some grand lessons—lessons which, by the way, they have not heeded."

III

He branched off upon American traditions, as he viewed them, and incidentally upon that sore spot with the Oriental—our exclusion of Asiatic immigrants. He declared that America was not living up to its highest ideals when it evinced such a strong disposition to bar out some people because of the place of their birth and others because they lacked an ordinary culture of the mind. This he held was very wrong, for if men had good moral and industrial qualifications they should be received into the "melting pot," and time would make valuable material of them. The brotherhood of men must be recognised.

Going back to our poets, he spoke with some warmth of Poe, whose "Raven" had appealed to him, probably because of its mystic touch, but he took the strange view of Poe that he was artificial.

"He glitters—yes; but he does not breathe very deeply," he observed. And it came to his visitor that Emerson would have valued this judgment from out his beloved India in support of his characterisation of Poe as "the jingle man." "Poe was an artist," added Tagore. "In reading him I can never lose sight of that. He was an artist—only that and nothing more." And he smiled again, probably over the Ravenesque aptness of his remark.

Naturally he had pleasant things to say of Yeats. Here was a true poet—a man who was the friend of the whole world and particularly the poet's friend. He could not be drawn into any discussion of the poetry of Kipling, but it was evident that he had no great taste for it. When asked if he ever had met Kipling or heard of him during the Briton's residence in India he said "No." Nor was this in the least remarkable, for there were many Englishmen there who had shared his ignorance of the great Rudyard during his Indian life.

His enthusiasm over Browning seemed greater than that over any other British poet, save perhaps, Keats.

"Browning was a great teacher," he said to me. "He was a tonic force and was full of love for humanity. Many of his poems are dear to me. And his plays—they are wonderful."

He did not share Carlyle's caustic view of "Sordello." It was a grand poem. And "Luria," with its deep appreciation of the East was fine—fine—all fine. He had been teaching it in his school just before he left India, and had come to see a broader significance in it than ever before. This school, which is an open-air institution at Shanti Nikelin, is Tagore's great pride. He calls it the main-spring of his life and he loves to talk of it. All of the forty thousand dollars represented by his Nobel prize has been spent upon it. All the money he receives from his lectures and readings and the sale of his autographed pictures in this country is to go to it. The economies practised at Shanti Nikelin are such that $150 pays the way of a student through his course of study there. There are at present over one hundred and fifty students and twenty teachers, two being English. One of the Bengali teachers has attended the University of Illinois. Special attention is given to exercise and health. Music, the languages, poetry and general literature are taught, and upon his return to India Tagore will add a technical department.

The poet had a critical word to say of Western music. But he said that while at first Albani and other Western singers had jarred upon him, he liked

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them better on further acquaintance. He had heard Paderewski in San Francisco and he had enjoyed his rendition of Beethoven's sonata opus 3 and of some Bach fugues.

Although he is an English knight he was not very warm in his praise of British institutions, but he leaned toward the idea that they were more desirable than ours, and if one had to be subject to Western rule it were better British than any other. The parochial and even personal rule that survives in India's villages despite all of England's dominancy means more to Sir Rabindranath, as nobody ever calls him, than that of India's conquerors.

Of Europe in its present ferment he would have little to say, but that little was uttered in terms of contempt. Science! efficiency! wealth! What had been the use of them all on that unhappy continent save to enable its nations to depopulate each other? As with every true poet, the idea of the brotherhood of man—empty words to the most of us—is a religion with Tagore, and he voices it with all the zeal of his intense nature. He shows a Shelley-like impatience with plutocratic oppression, and in his plays and other writings he is constantly denouncing it. Like the Christian Tolstoy he would share his all with the poor, even with the unregenerate, and the bulk of the returns from his writings is spent in advancing their welfare.

In his criticisms of this country he made pointed inquiry as to what it was accomplishing in a spiritual way, and he shook hs head with a sad smile when no attempt was made to answer him. It was clear that Christian Science, which which has been termed "a compound of Theosophy and therapeutics," interested him more than any other present-day religious movement in this country, and he remarked that he was going to study it more closely. His admiration of mediæval Europe, when the soul was warring against the flesh, is marked; but the strife of these days means to him nothing but rampant materialism and has no spiritual significance whatever.

To hear Tagore read as he has read to his large audiences in the West is to listen to some remarkable but, to our Occidental ears, not very satisfactory literature. Still his high-keyed, almost womanish utterance is so musically clear and articulate and his personality so vividly Oriental and strangely spiritual that one feels that it is distinctly worth while to sit before him for a couple of hours and feel the wafts of this Bengali fragrance; and one well might wish that to have Thoreau, always so hungry for Brahministic thought, by his side.

The reading in San Francisco was of two unpublished works—a play, *The King and the Queen,* in two acts, and a short story, "The Blind Wife." What his auditors, accustomed to a wholly different sort of movement and climactic working-up, got out of the play was its wealth of Oriental colour and its novel pictures. The strange little drama is Ibsen-like in the tragic abruptness of its finale. One felt that the listeners applauded the dramatist's oddly effective delivery, never impassioned, yet never dull, rather than the simple story of the king who goes to battle with his wife's brother because she rebels against his treatment of his impoverished and oppressed people, and the brother who is the prince of another country, aids the revolutionists against the oppressor. The death of the brother and sister, who are conquered by the king is rather dramatically told. The reading was accompanied by infrequent yet graceful gestures and dignified movements of the turbaned head. But, taken altogether it was distinctly not what we thrill-seeking Occidentals would call a "hit."

"The Blind Wife" went a shade better. This is the story of an unskilled Indian doctor who bunglingly treats his wife's weak eyes and causes their blindness. The wife's torture of mind when the doctor, because of her infirmity, proposes to marry another woman, is the chief element of interest in the tale, which, despite the prolonged spiritual tragedy, is given a "happy ending," for

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the triangulated affair is squared by the marriage of the "other woman" to another man.

Perhaps there would have been a keener appreciation and heartier applause had the audience known that the theatre in which they were sitting and the man to whom they were listening were being guarded by a score of plain clothes men. It had been rumoured that there was a plot on the part of a local Hindustani clique to slay the poet. This plot, it seems, grew out of the intense enmity of many Hindus for Tagore, who represents the old school of Indian thought, but has adapted it to British ideas. In other words he is a "stand-patter" and an upholder of British rule, to which the clique is opposed. Ram Chandra, the editor of the *Hindustani Gadar,* a newspaper published in San Francisco, declares that Tagore is a turn-coat—that while formerly opposed to English ascendancy in India, he was bought over by the government with a knighthood. Ram Chandra is crying against Tagore as Browning cried against Wordsworth, in his "Lost Leader,"

> Just for a handful of silver he left us,
> Just for a riband to stick in his coat.

So during Tagore's stay in San Francisco he was a storm centre, but the storm was not visible to Caucasians until after the day of his quitting town. His hotel was besieged by Hindus, one of whom tore the white turban from the head of his friend Bishen Singh Mattu, and the faction so threatened the poet that he departed very abruptly for Santa Barbara.

Of course this meant more publicity and more gilders for Tagore and his beloved school, and this was apparently appreciated as much by the poet as by his press agent.

But it takes nothing from the songs of *Gitanjali* nor of *The Crescent Moon* nor from the love of them that is in the hearts of Tagore's many American readers.

INDIAN SUMMER

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

INDIAN only in this:
  Your sudden way
Of stealing on us—but to kiss
  With peace, not slay!

And in that melting calm
  The summer seems
To breathe once more her mellow psalm
  Of golden dreams.

But, oh, for him with ears
  Your heart's depths sing
Loudly: "I am the unborn year's
  Earnest of spring!"

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THE PUBLIC AND THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

A STUDY of the public is an indispensable detail of the study of the drama; for the public, in conjunction with the actors and the author, constitutes a corner of that eternal triangle upon which, as a fundamental basis, the edifice of the drama must be reared. If some Mæcenas, endowed with an exacting taste and an all-commanding pocketbook, should desire to enjoy a better drama than is ordinarily offered in the theatre of to-day, he might spend his time and money in the search for finer actors or for nobler authors, but he could accomplish his intention much more easily and quickly by collecting and delivering to the theatre a finer and a nobler audience. It has frequently been stated that the public always gets as good a drama as it deserves, since the managers, in order to make money, must give the public what the public wants; and this somewhat cynical theory is true to this extent,—that the public never gets a better drama than it concertedly requests. To improve the quality of the supply, it is necessary, first of all, to improve the quality of the demand. Though the drama is an art, the theatre is a business; and it does not pay to cast pearls before people who are lacking in intelligence and taste.

The main trouble with the theatre in America to-day is that it suffers tragically from a lack of patronage by people of intelligence and taste. Our supply of plays is not determined by the demand of our most cultured public, but only by the demand of a public that is by no means representative of the best that is thought and felt in this country at the present time. Any study of this problem must begin and end in the city of New York; for it is an unfortunate fact that our theatre is so constituted that the rest of the country is allowed to see only those plays which have previously made money in the metropolis. The exceptions to this statement are of the kind that only prove the rule. Attempts have been made, in recent years, to institute "producing centres" in certain other cities—Chicago, Los Angeles, and Boston, for example—but even plays produced originally in these cities have seldom been sent on tours through the country until they have been labelled as "successes" by the people who frequent the theatres in New York. As conditions stand at present, a metropolitan verdict is the only one that counts; and an author or an actor, in order to reach the rest of the country, must first secure the privilege of being booked throughout the circuits of the smaller cities by passing a favourable examination in New York. Thus—except for the admirable work that is being accomplished here and there in little independent theatres—the destiny of the drama in this country is still decided by the people who habitually pay to be amused in the tiny circle that is centred in Times Square. The question, then, becomes of prime importance whether these people are adequately representative of America, either as it is or as it yearns to be: and to this important question the answer is, emphatically, "No."

Any one who makes a practice of attending every play that is exhibited in the metropolis needs only to look about him in the orchestra to see at a glance that the success or failure of an offering is not determined by an audience that is representative of America or even of New York. The audience is recruited mainly from that artificial region that is known, in the language of the theatre, as Broadway,—a region in which real people do not live, and cannot live, because it is lighted only by electric lamps

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instead of by the sun and moon and stars. America is not made of such people, and neither is New York; but our theatre, for the most part, is deliberately edited for that infinitesimal proportion of our general population that patronises flashy lobster-palaces and noisy cabarets.

The prospect would be hopeless if the public of Broadway were the only public in New York that the theatre might appeal to; but this is not the case. There are very many people of intelligence and taste—people of the sort who welcome eagerly the best that is thought and said through the medium of any of the arts—who have ceased to attend the theatre in New York because the theatre, for the most part, has ceased to give them the sort of stimulus that they desire. It is easy enough for any student of this problem to meet these people face to face, for their patronage of art is an active and a public exercise. Whenever the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven is played by a great orchestra in Carnegie Hall, the enormous auditorium is crowded to the roof by people who would also patronise the theatre if the theatre would afford them a commeasurable exaltation. A cultured and appreciative public pays six dollars a seat at the Metropolitan Opera House to hear the finest singing in the world; and whenever Nijinsky dances, the same public assembles in thousands to enjoy the spectacle. Yet music and dancing are arts less democratic than the drama—less popular in their appeal—and a more specific culture is required for the due appreciation of them. An afternoon stroll through the galleries of the various art-dealers on Fifth Avenue will also bring the student face to face with still another public composed of people who are quick to welcome the best that can be thought and said in terms of art. These people, who love painting and sculpture, would also love the theatre if the theatre should set out to woo them in the mood of beauty and of truth; and the teeming thousands who annually study the exhibits in the Metropolitan Museum of Art might crowd the galleries of any theatre that should successfully appeal to them.

The tragic fact of the matter seems to be that these thousands and thousands of people, who patronise music and painting and sculpture and dancing and all the other arts, have ceased to patronise the theatre. People of the same class, twenty years ago, attended every production at Daly's or the old Lyceum and exercised an active influence on the traffic of the stage; but nowadays, for the most part, they stay at home and permit the destiny of the drama to be determined by a mob of other people who are inferior in intelligence and taste. They behave like educated voters on Election Day who remain away from the polls and allow some vulgar politician to sneak into a great office by default.

The way in which this cultured public was alienated from the theatre may now be studied, in retrospect, as a dismal fact of history. Daly's audience was not dispersed by Daly's death, and the retirement of Daniel Frohman from active management was not a cause but a result of the disaster. The catastrophe occurred about a dozen years ago, at the time of the great struggle between trust and counter-trust for supreme control of all the theatres in America. During the course of this long struggle—which resulted ultimately in a no less devastating deadlock—the theatre became entirely commercialised, and the cathedrals of the drama were pulverised by the artillery of business. At that period, the cultured public of New York—the public which, in the preceding decade, had supported Daly's Theatre and the old Lyceum—renounced regretfully the theatre-going habit; and the theatre of to-day still suffers from the fact that is is very difficult to reëstablish a faith which has been wantonly destroyed.

The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children; and the managers of to-day are forced to suffer for the crimes committed in the theatre by the managers of a dozen years ago. The status of the drama has been steadily improved in recent years. A new generation of

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managers, led by such men as Mr. Winthrop Ames, Mr. John D. Williams, and Mr. Arthur Hopkins—to mention only a few of those who are now appealing for consideration of the drama as an art—has greatly improved the product of our theatre; but this new array of managers has not yet succeeded in winning back the concerted support of that cultured public which renounced the theatre-going habit in the dark days of a dozen years ago.

The immediate problem at the present time is to find an effective method of convincing the cultured public that ten or a dozen of the round number of two hundred plays that are now produced every season in New York are genuinely worthy of the patronage of people of intelligence and taste. The best public must be won back to the support of the best drama; and this public must be organised and delivered so effectively that once again—as in the days of Daly's Theatre—it will become impossible for a really fine production to fail for lack of patronage.

The very statement of this problem points directly at the big idea which was launched, at its inception, by the Drama League of America. The purpose of the League was to tabulate the names and the addresses of everybody in this country who really cared for the best that might be thought and said in the theatre of the world, and to deliver this enormous audience to the support of any production in the American theatre which was genuinely worthy of the patronage of people of intelligence and taste. This idea, in theory, was perfect; but the tragic fact must be recorded that the Drama League has failed to accomplish very much in practice. The reason for this failure must be ascribed to the impotence of the New York Centre of the League, since—according to the conditions which exist at present—the destiny of the entire theatre in America is determined and controlled by the success or failure of the plays that are produced along Broadway.

Thus far, the New York Centre of the Drama League has failed in the endeavour to help the best productions to prevail, and thereby negatively to discourage the advancement of inferior productions. One reason for this failure is that the loyal audience that is actually delivered to the Broadway theatres by the Drama League is still so small as to be utterly negligible by the managers; but a more important reason is that the work of the Play-going Committee has been very badly done. Time after time, this committee, though neglecting to bulletin the best productions of the year, has recommended active patronage of plays that were notably inferior to others which were stupidly ignored. This season, for example, the Drama League has neglected to issue a bulletin in support of the one production that insistently demands attention from the cultured public,—that ineffable production of *Pierrot the Prodigal* which exquisitely satisfies the search for beauty and for truth and makes the fact of going to the theatre an unforgettable adventure. Any organisation of theatre-goers that fails to deliver an immediate and unanimous support to such an unexceptionable triumph of those allied arts that go to make the drama must be regarded as a sorry joke and instantly deleted from consideration. To fail is bad enough; but to destroy a big idea is worse than murdering a child. The Play-going Committee of the New York Centre of the Drama League of America has destroyed a big idea.

No less unfortunate, though perhaps less poignantly regrettable, than the failure of the Drama League to apply its lofty theory successfully in practice, is the decadence of dramatic criticism in New York. Dramatic criticism may be defined—in the terminology of Matthew Arnold—as "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the theatre of the world." This endeavour was at least attempted twenty years ago; but, during the last decade, the majority of our most influential newspapers have ceased to treat the drama as an art and have

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chosen, rather, to regard the theatre merely as a function of Broadway.

Thus the editing of our theatre for an inferior public is fostered by the fact that the dramatic columns in our newspapers are edited for the same public and confine themselves, for the most part, to an utterly uncritical endeavour to estimate in advance the success or failure of an undertaking in the theatre. They print a guess that a certain play will run a year, or else they print a guess that the production will be carted to the store-house in a week. In other words, they judge the offerings of art according to a standard which is determined merely by the taste of an uncultivated audience.

The point is not that our individual dramatic critics are lacking in discernment. Nearly half a dozen of the writers who are employed at the present time to report the doings of the theatre in New York are endowed sufficiently, in education and in taste, to distinguish a work of art from a product of commercial manufacture; but the general attitude of our public press—considered as a whole—obscures their individual efforts "to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the theatre of the world." Even these writers are required to devote as many columns—or nearly as many—to the consideration of inconsiderable offerings as they are permitted to devote to the ten or twelve productions every year that really count. They are condemned, nine-tenths of the time, to write news about nothing; and, when *Pierrot the Prodigal* appears, their eloquent praise of the production remains unheeded by ears that have been previously deafened by other columns of praise devoted to some commercial fabric that seems sure to run a season,—like the highly-heralded *Turn to the Right!*, which, though popular and entertaining, is a badly constructed play and cannot be considered seriously as a work of art.

That our newspapers, for the most part, have ceased to treat the drama as an art, is a fact that can be easily established by a study of their pages. Whenever a new opera is produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, it is analysed in detail by an expert who interprets its defects and qualities to an audience of cultured readers; exhibitions of painting or of sculpture are studied carefully by scholars who talk about art in terms that receive respect from an initiated public; but new plays, in the same newspapers, are merely written up amusingly as items in the general doings of the day. The policy of our newspapers toward music and painting and sculpture is scholarly and critical; but, with one or two exceptions, their policy toward the drama is merely reportorial. They treat the theatre mainly from the standpoint of its value as a fountainhead of news.

Now, art is art, and news is news, and never the twain shall meet. It is one thing to inform the cultured public of the fact that a visit to *Pierrot the Prodigal* at the Booth Theatre affords an adventure to the spirit that may be classed with the unforgettable experience of travelling all the way to Nîmes to come suddenly around a corner and see the tiny Roman temple sitting lonely and eternal in the midst of time; and it is another thing entirely to inform the public of Broadway that *Turn to the Right!* is a "knock-out." The same newspaper cannot successfully sustain an attitude toward the theatre which shall be reportorial and an attitude toward the drama which shall be critical. Art is not news; because news wears a date upon its forehead and art does not. News, at the most, may be worthy of a nine days wonder; but art, at its best, is a wonder for all time.

So long as our newspapers continue to report new plays as news instead of causing them to be seriously analysed as works of art, those educated readers who are willing to respect what is said to them in the public press about Charpentier and Nijinsky and Zuloaga and Rodin will continue to turn a deaf ear to what is said to them in the same papers about Mr. Max Marcin or Mr.

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Roi Cooper Megrue. Mr. Marcin's *Cheating Cheaters* is a clever farce; Mr. Megrue's *Under Sentence* is an interesting melodrama; but there is no real reason why our public press, by overpraising the products of these merely secondary artisans, should obscure the fact that, if Charpentier and Nijinsky and Zuloaga and Rodin should be asked to tell us what to see in all the fifty theatres of New York, they would vote unanimously for *Pierrot the Prodigal* and would not descend to the suggestion of a second choice.

By editing their dramatic columns for the uncultivated public of Broadway, instead of for that finer public that desires to learn and to enjoy the best that is known and thought in the world and is eager to patronise any exercise of art where art may be discerned, our newspapers make it very difficult for people of refinement to keep actively in touch with the best that is being done in the theatre of America. These people—and their name is legion—hang back from the support of even so superlative a thing as *Pierrot the Prodigal* because so often in the past they have been disillusionised by patronising inferior productions that had been grossly overpraised.

This leads us to consider the great harm that has been done by the persistent over-advertising of inferior productions. The decadence of dramatic criticism is all the more dangerous at a time when the theatre is required to endure the insidious assaults of a system of mendacious puffery. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to state that the greatest foe of the contemporary drama is the contemporary press-agent. This functionary is employed to beat a big drum in front of every theatre and to tell the public that every play presented is a masterpiece. The weakness of the press-agent arises from the fact that, in the nature of things, he can't fool all the people all the time; but the tragedy of his position arises from the fact that, by fooling some of the people some of the time, he prevents nearly everybody from believing him, on some subsequent occasion, when he happens to come forward with the truth.

A perusal, at any time, of the advertising pages in the Sunday neswpapers might lead to the impression that each of the forty plays then current in New York was the greatest play of the twentieth century; but this impression would be speedily corrected by a visit to the plays themselves. The trouble of the matter is that it would cost a cultured theatre-goer no less than one hundred and sixty dollars, and forty evenings of priceless time, to find out for himself that all these advertisements were nothing but mere lies; and, after this expensive experience, he might feel indisposed to risk another four dollars and another evening to see a masterpiece like *Pierrot the Prodigal*. The efforts of many press-agents to lure him to attend inferior productions are more than likely, in the long run, to result in keeping him away from a production which he would be very glad to patronise.

The method by which the press-agent manages to advertise a bad play as if it were a good play is just as simple as it is dishonest. Suppose that so cultured and reliable a critic as Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, in reviewing a hypothetical farce entitled *The Straw Hat*, has written something like the following:—"The theme of *The Straw Hat* is traditional; the plot is mechanical; the dialogue is dull. One or two moments in the second act, however, are made mildly amusing by the acrobatic antics of a knockabout comedian." The press-agent will seize upon this notice and print the following extraction from it in the next edition of the Sunday newspapers:—" 'Amusing.'—Walter Prichard Eaton." By this procedure, people of intelligence and taste who subsequently see the play are led to believe that Mr. Eaton is an idiot; and when this distinguished commentator, at a later date, implores the public to patronise so beautiful a thing as *Pierrot the Prodigal*, a certain number of his readers will remember *The Straw Hat* and hug their money in their pockets.

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A study of the psychology of theatrical advertising must lead to the opinion that the lies of the press-agent are the sort of blunders that are worse than crimes. Every lie that is printed to puff a bad play cuts down the attendance at the next really good play that is presented. A disinterested critic actuated by a high desire to deliver an appreciative audience to the support of *Pierrot the Prodigal* is impeded from his purpose when all of the most laudatory adjectives have already been used up in advertising many plays which he knows to be inferior. So long as Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue's commonplace and tedious *Seven Chances* is advertised as a masterpiece of comedy, it will remain very difficult for any critic to persuade the public that the first two acts of Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue's ingenious and interesting *Under Sentence* come very near to constituting a masterpiece of melodrama. A public that has listened once to lies will not listen, on a subsequent occasion, to a statement that hovers within hailing distance of the truth.

This is, perhaps, the biggest lesson that our managers have still to learn:—that, in the long run, it pays to tell the public that Mr. John Galsworthy is a greater man than Mr. James Montgomery, and that *The Thunderbolt*—which did not make any money in America—is a greater play than *Cheating Cheaters*—which seems destined to be very popular. The persistent practice of press-agentry alienates more people from the theatre than it attracts; and the over-advertising of inferior productions makes it very difficult to secure the patronage of works that are superior by people of intelligence and taste.

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

I

WHILE most British novelists, including his own disciples, are going about their business pretty much as if the war did not exist, Mr. Wells characteristically declines to pretend anything of the sort. Professor Phelps has put the general situation at the beginning of the war bluntly enough: "In August, 1914, every novelist was angry with the war; he would rather have the little groups of casual acquaintances talking excitedly about the one thing important to him." I think rather better of novelists than this comes to, but there is truth in Professor Phelps's generalisation that "life is always the ruthless enemy of art." Life, in the form of the day's news and employments, is an obstacle to the artist; but I believe he is not so much angry with the present as confused and "stumped" by it. It is too close, he cannot get it in focus, and must turn his gaze away from it for materials to work with. But not Mr. Wells, who has never yet been stumped by anything, least of all the present! In *Boon* and *The Research Magnificent* he seemed to be dealing, rather tentatively and speculatively, with the Great War as a phenomenon. Mr. Britling brings it home as a human fact. Mr. Britling is in a rough sense Mr. Wells himself, as a philosopher and prophet, but even more

*Mr. Britling Sees It Through. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Green Alleys. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Good Old Anna. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A Russian Priest. By J. N. Potapenko. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Olga Bardel. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Company.

The Triumph of Tim. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Pincus Hood. By Arthur Hodges. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Love and Lucy. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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as a Briton under torment. Before the war comes, he is an eager, speculative writer, comfortably occupied with his mental adventures. "He talked about everything. He had ideas about everything; he could no more help having ideas about everything than a dog can resist smelling at your heels. He sniffed at the heels of reality. Lots of people found him interesting and stimulating, a few found him seriously exasperating. He had ideas in the utmost profusion about races and empires and social orders and political institutions and gardens and automobiles and the future of India and China and æsthetics and America and the education of mankind in general. . . . And all that sort of thing. . . ." And at middle age, he has won a considerable hearing on both sides of the water. We see him first through the eyes of an amiable Bostonian, Direck, who has come over to bag him as a lecturer before the Massachusetts Society for the Study of Contemporary Thought. We see him in his chosen habitat at Matching's Easy in Essex. He is centre of a group of ante-bellum Britishers of all ages,—a normal group, with their chat, their tea, their out-of-door joys, their pleasant and intimate code of living. Direck's young delighted eyes take Matching's Easy, at first glance, as a fair embodiment of the England of his fancy. Essex, Mr. Britling vaunts (Mr. Wells's Essex), is, far more than London or the manufacturing districts, "the essential England still."

Yet Direck himself presently discovers that the England he is looking upon, the essential England, "looks and feels more like the traditional Old England than any one could possibly have believed, and that in reality it is less like the traditional Old England that any one would ever possibly have imagined." There were the setting and atmosphere of the old firm, trim, settled England, and yet "all the people seemed quicker, more irresponsible, more chaotic, than any one could have anticipated." Unrest and revolt are in the air, militancy flaunts itself, civil war in Ireland seems inevitable. There is a sort of hope for England in all this, as Mr. Britling (in one mood) sees it. "The Germans are conscious of 'an assured end' and are therefore beyond possibility of real growth. Here, we have none of those convictions. We know we haven't finality, and so we are open and apologetic and receptive, rather than wilful. . . . The reality of life is adventure, not performance. What isn't adventure, isn't life." Mr. Britling has his own extra-domestic adventure in hand, his means of escape, for the moment, from the smooth routine of life at Matching's Easy. The outbreak of the war puts an end to that, as it puts an end to all the vague restlessness and inward strife of Britain. How the war comes to Matching's Easy, how it affects, in one way or another, all the members of the group which has focused at Dower House, is the substance of this story. It is the story, of course, of a microcosm, of "the essential England." Anybody might have foreseen how brilliantly Mr. Wells would do such a thing as this, but not how warmly and humanly. It it in quite another light than that of irony that Mr. Britling makes his way through the torments of racial and personal loss to a place of spiritual safety and even exaltation. And the story of his relation to the boy Hugh who is duly sacrificed for a hidden end, is as poignant a study of fatherhood as any literature has produced. Surely the war is testing writers as well as men. Very easily Mr. Wells is passing the test, with a series of utterances a world removed from the impotent ranting of a Kipling, or the impotent grimacing of a Shaw.

II

In *The Green Alleys* of Mr. Phillpotts, also, war becomes a solvent and purifier of human action. We know what the quality of that action is likely to be in his work. It is some years since he forsook Dartmoor; later stories have been set in Cornwall and Wales, and, here, in Kent. The natural scene is al-

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ways a matter of importance with this writer, since nature is always something more than a background in his fiction. Tor and cliff and quarry, weald and hop-garden, are to his imagination personal presences, with their inevitable influence upon mankind. But his rustic men and women do not greatly differ. I recall wondering, as the Dartmoor stories appeared, at certain characteristics of these Devon folk which brought them into startling contrast with New England rustics, for example. But, according to Mr. Phillpotts, the people of Cornwall, and Wales, and Kent, have the same characteristics. They are a people without sensitiveness or reticence, who always say what they think or feel, and permit others the same liberty, without rancour. In this world one may call his neighbour or his enemy a fool or a knave, and find himself in for nothing worse than a mild argument, or may bare his inmost heart to a passer-by without feeling shame or incurring ridicule. It is this stark and overt relation of man to man which gives the Phillpotts story its peculiar quality. There is also a recognisable grade or range of Phillpotts situation. In this, sex plays invariably its part. Love and fate, love and duty,—these, in terms of rustic life, are his favourite themes. Often their development has been toward a tragic end. So the theme of the present tale threatens to develop. Almost from the outset, we perceive a characteristically conceived *impasse* approaching. Here are two brothers, very different in character, but deeply devoted to each other. The elder and more stable is, by the working of an archaic British law, illegitimate. He is too fine and sound to be embittered by circumstance, and wholeheartedly admires and yields to his shallower and more brilliant brother. They both fall in love with the same girl. Here are all the materials of a rustic tragedy. Is she going to marry the strong brother, we wonder, and then, loving both, give herself disastrously to the weak one? Some such motive has been worked out by Mr. Phillpotts more than once—notably in *The Whirlwind.* Or will she marry the weak brother, and spend the rest of her life eating her heart out with love for the stronger? Some such solution, left to itself, and Mr. Phillpotts, the Kentish weald might have been expected to produce. But the Great War intervenes; and in the atmosphere of a clearer and less personal passion, it is possible for reason and justice to prevail.

III

The *Good Old Anna* of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes shows the war coming to another quiet nook of England, the cathedral town of Witanbury. But here we have to deal with a special war-problem. The German tutor, in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* is a blameless victim of the war, who goes back to fight like a lamb to the slaughter. There is no suggestion of possible perfidy on his part. *Good Old Anna* is a spy story, its implication being that every German in England, naturalised or unnaturalised, is likely to be in some way connected with the spy-system. Mrs. Otway is the widow of a canon, who lives pleasantly at Witanbury with her one daughter and a German servant of many years' standing. When war comes, Mrs. Otway is advised by friends to get rid of Anna. But the lady thinks this is preposterous, cannot imagine doing without Anna, or Anna's wishing to do without her. In reality, devoted as Anna is to her mistress, she cherishes a secret dream of going back to Germany and joining the household of a nephew who is prospering at Berlin. As for the war, her sympathies are with the Fatherland; and with every day bringing news which affects them differently, her relation to the Otways becomes inevitably awkward. Still, it is unconsciously that she becomes, in effect, a spy and a conspirator. Months before the beginning of the war, she has secreted in her room certain packages forwarded from Germany which really contain bombs, though she does not know it. And by way of a naturalised German tradesman

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of Witanbury who is really the centre of the spy-system for that part of England, she lets slip several items of important military information picked up at home. The results are serious for England and, incidentally, involve the supposed death of her young mistress's betrothed. All this gives leeway for Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's sort of thing—an odd blend of sensational incident and the ladylike manner. Poor Old Anna is brought to book in the end and, despairing of making out a case, hangs herself in her cell, while young romance effects its kiss-curtain hard by.

IV

Out of the rather miscellaneous lot of Russian stuff flung into English as a result of the war, a tale like *A Russian Priest* emerges reassuringly. We have heard much of "the Russian soul," and yet it has remained a very difficult thing for us of the West to comprehend. Too often we have come away from the reading of some vaunted Slavic masterpiece with the renewed suspicion that, whatever may be true of the eager Russian body and the ardent Russian mind and the aspiring Russian soul, there is no such thing as Russian character in our homely Western sense of the word. All these flighty sensual fellows, drifting down the wind, to some disastrous end for the most part, all these unheroic heroes of Russian story—what do they amount to in simple terms of character? Their range lies between bathos and pathos, no higher. Morally and spiritually they are feeble creatures of nightmare. Now the present little story takes us into a very different realm, a realm of sentiment and of idealism. The young priest Cyril is, to be sure, pretty strongly contrasted with most of the other persons. He has just finished with the theological academy as a "Magistrant" or high honour man. Comfortable posts in the Russian Church are open to him. He is betrothed to the daughter of a worldly city priest who looks upon him as a catch. And he will take nothing but the office of a village priest. He himself has been brought up in the country, and he has the extraordinary desire to practise Christianity there. The Russian priesthood is looked upon by the majority of priests as a means of livelihood. Even in the poor parish to which Cyril is assigned, the two priests and their assistants have been accustomed to make a good thing out of their jobs by the imposition of fees for all services. Since they are paid no salaries, they are naturally tempted to get as much as they can. Cyril determines to make no bargains, will take only what his parishioners choose to give him. This brings real want to his colleagues, men with large families. Cyril expects his own young wife to share his penury, but she, though she loves him in her shallow way, is presently rescued by her indignant parents. Complaints of the young priest's outlandish behaviour are brought to the bishop, but he will hear nothing against him, and holds him up as an example for all his fellows. Meanwhile the lady of the manour, an intelligent and congenial woman, has fallen helplessly in love with him for that very goodness which her love would endanger. Her confession ends their friendship, and she goes away, leaving the priest to his solitary work. "And after all, was he alone? These grey huts under whose roofs so many important lives were passing—was he not necessary to them? Had he not conquered them, and made himself dear to them? He put on his cassock, took his stick, and with a firm step descended into the street."

V

Olga Bardel is a story with a very different theme and in a very different key; but it, also, is a study of character in a field where too often character is not, but only impulse and "temperament." She has it in her to be a great musician because she possesses elements of greatness as a woman. She lacks the steadfastness, the species of ruthlessness, which enabled the heroine of Miss Cather's *Song of the Lark* to make

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every step a step forward toward the fulfilment of her genius. Therefore she suffers much, though not ignobly. The child Olga is a slum-bred prodigy of most unpromising parentage. Her talent is recognised by a responsible musician, and he begins to teach her, but she falls into the hands of vulgar exploiters who undermine her method and are content with coaching her for sensational performances. She escapes, and under the guardianship of a kindly American widow, studies seriously at Prague. She has hardly returned to London, and given her first recitals, when she falls in love with and incontinently marries a good-looking, selfish young Englishman with whom she has really very little in common. Their marriage goes the way of such marriages. He has no sympathy with her ambition for a career, and a disreputable brother who turns up out of her past makes a real breach between them. Finally, she determines to take up her work again, and have a fairly successful American tour, in the course of which the handsome husband elopes with a pretty young friend whom Olga has, in a way, left in charge. There are two other men in Olga's life. For one of them, a high-souled painter, she has conceived a real passion. He returns it, but will not have the sacrifice she is ready to make. In her hour of need, he is not to be found, and in despair of caring for her children by means of her music, she permits herself to be married, after the divorce from her first husband, by a kind old baronet. Then the lover returns, and there is another danger-point to be passed. The pair finally triumph over their passion and are presently rewarded by the death of the baronet. The plot, as may be seen, of what might easily have been a sensational story. It is rescued and dignified by a genuine and unforced characterisation, in the light of which the action is seen to proceed simply and inevitably. The people are, the things happen to them and through them, being what they are. This is another of the many "first novels" which this season has produced, and one of the best of them in promise and achievement.

VI

Mr. Vachell's *Triumph of Tim* is a book of which one feels not quite so sure. It is the work of an experienced novelist, and he has done his best with it, but the result is a little laboured, somehow, and unreal. The story, like *Olga Bardel,* is of the biographical order. We follow the fortunes of Tim from childhood to that "twilight" of experience to which in his thirties his author relegates him. Tim, like Olga, and like Nathan of *The Green Alleys,* is an illegitimate child. Tim's father was a great man in his day, brilliant and morally irresponsible. The beautiful Irish girl whom his sudden death leaves on the way to motherhood, is quixotically married by an English clergyman. He brings Tim up as his own son. The boy inherits his real father's headstrong nature, gets himself expelled from Eton, and then technically seduces, though he is really seduced by, a pretty housemaid who is a born wanton. The inevitable thing (in fiction) happens, and the poor old parson is led to tell Tim the truth about his birth. Thereupon Tim runs away and voyages to San Francisco, before the mast. In California he drifts about for a time, roughing it in all sorts of ways. Presently he champions a maiden of the old Spanish blood, and marries her. He becomes involved in schemes of land development, makes a fortune and loses it. His wife and child die, and he leaves the new world. He has long dreamed of becoming a painter, and now goes to Brittany, where, in the space of a year or so, he produces work good enough to be exhibited at the Salon. Already, however, he has discovered that he can never become a really great painter, and that writing is his predestined field. Therefore he writes a novel about Californian life which is accepted at once, and we leave him fairly launched upon the career of successful novelist. He regards his life as over, however, for the sweetheart of his

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boyish days, who has never ceased to love him, and whom he he has never ceased to love, belongs to another, a stupid English lord, and they both see that there could be no real happiness. Therefore we leave Tim in an emotional twilight, consoled somewhat by the presence and abounding merits of the son of his early amour, who has turned up suddenly near the close of the story. There is a great deal of vivid description here and of sincere purpose, but I cannot help feeling that Mr. Vachell has written several books which have attempted less and achieved decidedly more. There is strain and effort about the book somewhere, and perhaps it is enough to say that our belief in Tim grows feebler rather than stronger, the more we hear about him.

VII

Pincus Hood seems to me a remarkably good story of its kind. Its scene is laid in that doubtful limbo of artist-bohemian life which, before and since the day of *Trilby,* has been so liberally dealt with by the novelists. It is, I mean, doubtful as a field for the story-teller, because it has undergone so much cheap or sensational cultivation. This little story is avowedly a comedy, and makes frank use of certain familiar properties. It has its group of irresponsible gay dogs, trained in the Quarter and exiled in New York, aspiring much and working less. But out of this group emerge several very human and credible figures. Perhaps it is old Pincus who brings them out for us and makes us take to them for his sake. Pincus himself, as a figure of true comedy, we never doubt for a moment. He keeps a little "art store," with a tiny gallery in which he hopelessly exhibits the works of those young customers who seldom pay for the artists' materials they obtain from his counters. The most talented among them is a newcomer, Chris Mallory, whose affair with the beautiful and rich Claudine affords the main "love-interest" of the tale. Then there is big Dan Litchfield, who is inclined to drink when there is nothing else to do, and owns a share in an oil-well of uncertain but timely performance. And there is Nan, one of the modern girls who knows how to take care of themselves, and have a very clear objective to work toward. But the tie that binds them all is Pincus, with his heart of gold and his brain by no means idle. He takes his art very seriously indeed, and the dream of his life is to establish a free gallery or group of galleries, where promising work by young painters may have its chance of reaching the public. He does his best, with the aid of all concerned, to bring about the realisation of his dream, but it falls through as a "movement" and has to be backed, in the end, by rich Claudine, now Mallory's Claudine. The incidents of the story do not so much matter; what gives it charm is its wholesome humour and kind feeling. We have been hearing a good deal of "glad" books—here is one which possesses the appreciable merit of escaping silliness and sappiness.

VIII

Mr. Hewlett has commonly succeeded best as a "costume" novelist. His has seemed to be the sort of fancy which is most at ease at its farthest from home. Remoteness in point of time or place or atmosphere gives wings to such a writer; and his few stories in modern setting have lacked wings. Here, however, is a story involving a James Adolphus Macartney, solicitor, of Onslow Square, and his wife Lucy, and the belated fulfilment of their romance. And it is a romance full of charm. The pair have been a pair for a dozen years. James Adolphus is a successful man, but a man born stiff, self-conscious, slightly domineering. He has all the faults of the traditional Briton of the comic papers, down to the eye-glass. He is absorbed in his career, and treats Lucy, by now, with a brusque possessiveness. She is only thirty-one, as beautiful as ever, and a purely feminine (not female) creature,

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who craves the devotion of her man. But it is for other men to woo her and, in her need, she is capable of momentary, tentative response. That she comes to the edge of real peril, however, is purely the effect of her innocence. There arrives a brilliant acquisitive Urquhart, not a villain, but the sort of man who takes what he wants without consciousness of guilt. After the shortest possible acquaintance he finds and seizes the opportunity to kiss Lucy in the dark. She thinks it is James Adolphus. . . . and here, if the reader insists upon being literal, is a stumbling-block indeed. It would be a foolish Lucy who didn't know her own husband's lips in the dark—and this Lucy makes the mistake more than once. But this is romance—let us accept the romancer's premises, and everything will follow very prettily. Lucy is delighted and mystified by this demonstration on the part of the monocled James Adolphus. The moment of her disillusion is the moment of her peril; for there is no doubt of Urquhart's passion. But James Adolphus wakes in time, and shows himself the man, both in love and war, he really is; and we part with a thoroughly discomfited Urquhart, and a thoroughly happy and harmonised pair of Macartneys—for of course James Adolphus, beneath his shyness and his monocle and his surface preoccupation, has loved Lucy all the time. The tale is told with the delicate skill which is always Mr. Hewlett's, and with less preciosity of manner than has sometimes qualified that skill.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

BY MARION FORSTER GILMORE

FROM out the dark-blue depths of Pain,
I rose, and found an opal sky;
Behind me, o'er the sombre sea,
I heard the moan of sorrow die;
And, from the distant heaven's face,
Beheld the clouds roll swiftly by.

Though I shall never see again
The azure sky of childhood's morn,
These blended skies of rose and gold
Seem even fairer than the dawn,
And deeper glory, more divine,
Smiles down upon a soul reborn.

—*From a Harvest of German Verse.*

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POETS AS PEOPLE

I. EDGAR LEE MASTERS: THE SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGIST

BY JOYCE KILMER

THERE was a young gentleman named Harrington, and in 1902 he told me that the worst of all possible ways to begin a biographical essay was: "So-and-so was born on such-and-such a day, of such-and-such a month, in such-and-such a year." A fig for Mr. Harrington, and another fig for all his works! As a matter of fact, it is the very nicest possible way to begin a biographical essay. Just see: Edgar Lee Masters was born on August 23, 1868, in Garnett, Kansas.

Not only is this the most interesting, colourful and picturesque way to begin a biographical essay, but it is also the logical way. Birth is the first event in which any poet takes an interest, and it is, therefore logical, although novel and startling, that this exposition of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters should begin with a frank and fearless statement of the date of his nativity. Furthermore, it is peculiarly appropriate that with a mention of birth I should inaugurate the respectful study of the author of a work so overflowing with obstetrics as the *Spoon River Anthology*.

Every one knows the *Spoon River Anthology*, that series of poems in which the graves of a village cemetery in the Middle West reveal their secrets, as their tenants tell the story of their grotesque or tragic lives. The poems first appeared in the St. Louis *Mirror* and were brought out in book form just as the women's clubs of Brooklyn, Chicago and Sioux Falls were discovering free verse. Since Mr. Masters's ghosts talk free verse (belonging, as they do, to a generation which, though dead, is more progressive than that of the elder Hamlet) they were enthusiastically received, and the *Spoon River Anthology* had in six months more readers than the *Greek Anthology* has ever had.

All right, you say, we know all about that. But what about the Spoon River anthologist, what is he like? Does he look like his poems? No, Edgar Lee Masters does not look like his poems. And for this he should thank God. Neither does he talk like his poems, he talks good Middle-Western English.

Edgar Lee Masters is rather above the middle height and somewhat angular. There is something rather studied about the picturesque negligence of his clothes, as there is about his occasional drawl. Here is, the careful observer thinks, a man who looks as if he ought to look like Abraham Lincoln, and looks as if he knew he looked as if he ought to look like Abraham Lincoln.

There is something Lincolnian about the anecdotes with which Mr. Masters is accustomed to entertain his friends and admirers. That is, they are thoroughly American in being humourous rather than witty. They are, for the most part, in dialect, and they have to do with types or with personal peculiarities. Their effectiveness tends on broad burlesque rather than on subtlety.

But enough of this Bergsonian stuff. Let me give you an example of Mr. Masters's humour. Once at a little luncheon given in his honour, Mr. Masters leaned toward the assembled company, which included Mr. Edward J. Wheeler, Mr. Charles Hanson Towne and Mr. John O'Hara Cosgrave, and said, of course in his characteristic drawl: "Once upon a time there was a cowboy and he rode into the city and . . . . . .

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But they said . . . . . Well, he looked at them for a while and then he said . . . . . ."

This anecdote, I think, gives a clear idea of Mr. Masters's peculiar humour, and explains clearly why he is so popular a raconteur. It also shows that his conversation is not weighted down with the gloom which might be expected from the author of poetry that is, so to speak, so suicidal in tone.

As I have already said, Mr. Masters was born in Bleeding, Kansas. He went to high school and to Knox College. In spite of the fact that his father was a lawyer, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1891.

Ever since that year, Mr. Masters has practised law in Chicago, being at one time associated with Clarence S. Darrow, who defended the McNamara brothers. In spite of the popular idea to the contrary, Mr. Masters is a Democrat, not a Socialist.

Readers of the *Spoon River Anthology* may be pardoned for believing that its author is a Socialist. For certainly the book numbers among its villains Capitalism and dear old Economic Determinism. Certainly Malachi McMud and Flossie FitzGibbons, or whatever their extraordinary names are, didn't have a fair show. They needed settlement houses and a four-hour day and municipal ownership of street cars, and free pianos and birth control. Especially birth control. And that's Socialism, isn't it?"

Well, as a matter of fact, Mr. Masters isn't a Socialist. He's a pacifist and a Progressive Thinker, and a Utopian and a Proletariatophile and all that sort of thing. War and birth he regards, as his poems show, as loathsome and unnecessary evils. Nevertheless, he is a Democrat.

He is a Democrat of the romantic Middle-Western type. He used to like Bryan, until Bryan annoyed him by speaking of Christianity in tones Mr. Masters considered too complimentary. I do not think that Mr. Masters is a single-tax Democrat, for I have never heard him mention the subject. And every single-tax Democrat of my acquaintance introduces the subject during the first two minutes of every conversation.

I have said that Mr. Masters does not talk like the *Spoon River Anthology*. Neither does he always write like the *Spoon River Anthology*. He wrote tremendous dramas in blank verse and pleasant and traditional lyrics before he discovered Spoon River, and I think that some of the work in *Songs and Satires,* his most recently published book, was written before he became famous. Recently, in Miss Harriet Monroe's magazine, *Poetry,* he has shown that he can use rhyme and rhythm deftly. Among his contributions to this magazine was one extraordinary poem of considerable length, dealing with the life of Christ—a sort of Gospel according to Edgar, or Epistle to the Spoon Riverites. This little adventure in the Higher Criticism ended with this golden couplet:

> And after Him there came a man named Paul,
> Who almost spoiled it all.

When I read that couplet, I placed Edgar Lee Masters at last. I remembered him—the friend and marvel of my youth. I don't believe all this stuff about Kansas and Knox College and practising law in Chicago and all the rest of those biographical details. I think that I used to see Mr. Edgar Lee Masters some twenty years ago in the mountains of New Hampshire. I think that he used to sit, chewing tobacco, whittling a stick and philosophising, on a cracker box in the grocery store, which is also the post office, at West Swanzey. And I think that he was called the Village Atheist.

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AN UNTRADITIONAL HANDEL*

BY LEWIS M. ISAACS

If you ask the man of average musical intelligence who Handel was, he will probably say the composer of the "Messiah" and "Handel's Largo." He will be quite as likely to add that he was a writer of church music. In the study of the composer, which has just made its appearance, the "Messiah" is disposed of in a few sentences, while the "Largo" is not even mentioned. Furthermore, the writer says:

> Handel was never a church musician and he hardly ever wrote for the church. Apart from his "Psalms" and "Te Deum," composed for private chapels and for exceptional events, he only wrote instrumental music for concerts and for open air *fêtes*, for operas, and for those so-called oratorios which were really written for the theatre.

Clearly, whatever else may be said, this characterisation is far removed from the traditional one which has persisted in most musical histories for more than a century. Due largely to the bracketing of his name with that of his greater contemporary, Bach, Handel has been placed in a false light, which all the research that has been expended upon the subject, including the monumental biography by Chrysander, has failed to change. It has remained for a Frenchman to set forth, with a fresh vision and a clearer perspective, the influences and circumstances surrounding Handel's life and the general characteristics of his art.

Not only is Rolland's study untraditional, it is also unconventional. The book of two hundred pages is divided almost exactly in half, the first half being entitled "His Life" and the second "His Technique and Works." But, as the writer plainly demonstrates, it is next to impossible to separate the composer from his works; and the first half of the book is filled with comments on the works, while the second half contains many references to the life. Furthermore, it seems impossible to separate Handel and his works from the period in which he lived. The pages of the book are interlarded with accounts of the great composers of that epoch, men whose work is only less important than that of the two giants whose names dominate the period. Very illuminating is Rolland's description of the influence on Handel of his teacher Zachau, who not only gave the pupil a strong grounding on the technical side of his art, but developed the inventive side by explaining to him "the various methods of writing and composing adopted by different nationalities," and by giving him "exercises to work in such and such a style."

> This education with a true European catholicity was not confined to one particular musical style, but spread itself out over all schools, and caused him to assimilate the best points of all; for who can fail to see that the conception and practice of Handel, and indeed the very essence of his genius, was the absorption of a hundred different styles!

The author devotes a number of pages to Abbé Steffani, who had a marked influence on Handel's vocal style. This extraordinary character was not only a churchman, but that rarest combination, a musical genius and a successful diplomat, who enjoyed the confidence and favour of his royal master and died rich in years and honours—a figure with a wealth of material to contribute to the fascinating subject of music and politics.

The traditional conception of Handel is that of a "grand old thief," who

*Handel. By Romain Rolland. Translated by A. Eaglefield Hall. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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laid violent hands on the music of others, bending it to his own uses and omitting to observe the quotation marks. Rolland disposes of this much discussed subject in a few words:

Handel worked no less with the music of other composers than with his own. If one had the time to study here what superficial readers have called his plagiarisms, particularly taking, for example, "Israel in Egypt," where the most barefaced of these cases occur, one would see with what genius and insight Handel has evoked from the very depths of these musical phrases their secret soul, of which the first creators had not even a presentiment. . . . Not only did he create music, but very often he created that of others for them.

In an appendix to the volume, which gives a complete list of Handel's works, the author refers to the fact that the complete edition contains, as a supplement, several volumes of works by various Italian and German composers, "which Handel has utilised in his compositions," and adds the list. That Handel was a prolific writer, this complete edition of his works, in one hundred volumes, attests. As his contemporary and friend, the keen musical biographer Mattheson said:

"He was rich in power and strong in will."

His most famous work, the "Messiah," which, by the way, was not originally a popular success, was written in twenty-three days. "Israel in Egypt," which Rolland calls "the most gigantic effort which has ever been made in oratorio," was written in twenty-one days. Mattheson's panegyric seems mild enough, when to the mass of Handel's creative work is added the labour of a busy life as an operatic impresario. He engaged the singers, rehearsed the works, directed the musicians and attended to the financial details of the enterprise, and was usually kept employed, at the same time, in besting those opponents whom a rival faction, after the custom of the day, endeavoured to set up against him. Rolland, with his usual keen, analytical and introspective faculty, emphasises the dramatic quality of the oratorios, which, he says, even more than the operas are musical dramas. He performs a real service in emphasising the relative importance of Handel's instrumental works and in preserving a just balance between the operas and the oratorios. A perusal of the book certainly creates the impression of a musical genius far more rounded than the generally conceived conception of the composer.

In a brief introductory note, the author deprecates the insufficiency of a book of two hundred pages, the result of many years of study. "To treat at all adequately of Handel's life and work, needs a lifetime in itself." He uses frequently the epithet "colossal," and it is easy to see that his admiration for Handel is quite as strong as that of the most enthusiastic Englishman. The English have always claimed Handel as their very own. It is interesting, in the light of the present day, to read that "the childhood of Handel was influenced by two intellectual forces, the Saxon and the Prussian. Of the two, the more aristocratic and also the more powerful was the Saxon." During his lifetime, Handel was affectionately called "Il caro Sassone," and the emphasis upon this side of his origin throughout Rolland's entire book is very strong. With due allowance for the natural prejudices of a Frenchman at this juncture, it still remains true that Handel, in sharp distinction to Bach, who was above all else characteristically a Teuton, was an artist who cannot be localised.

Profoundly German in race and character, he had become a world citizen like his compatriot Leibnitz, whom he had known at Hanover, a European with a tendency for the Latin culture. The great Germans at the end of that century, Goethe and Herder, were never more free or more universal than this great Saxon in music, saturated, as he was, with all the artistic thoughts of the West.

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The description of Handel's English experiences, which covered so large a part of his life, is filled with delightful side glances at contemporary life at the time which is familiar to English-speaking people as the "Age of Johnson."

Rolland is severe in his condemnation of the customary method of interpreting Handel in a "pompous, rigid and stolid manner, with an orchestra and choir far too numerous and badly balanced, with singers frightfully correct and pious, without any feeling or intimacy." In a footnote he observes that the number of performers increased from year to year, until at the festival held in the Sydenham Crystal Palace, in 1859, there were four thousand performers. This is the Handel of popular tradition, the Handel of the annual Christmas performance of the "Messiah," a Handel cold, pompous and bewigged and Rolland does well to turn his briliant pen against this conception of the composer.

THE CONTRIBUTOR WHO CALLS

An editor whom we know says that never but once, in fifteen years' experience, has he accepted a manuscript that was brought to him unsolicited. He goes on to make the point that the contributor who carries his wares about from office to office, making appointments by telephone with busy editors, wasting their time in useless chatter about the "facts" on which his particular story is based, is usually of such limited mental endowment, and such a natural bore, that his work is bound to bear the earmarks of his stupidity.

These visiting authors are always those, he further says, who insist upon knowing the reasons for rejecting a manuscript—as if the modern magazine editor had time to tell his contributors why their stories or articles or poems are unavailable! They want specific criticism; they want to know the needs of the editor upon whom they call; and when he tells them that the quickest way to learn all that is to study the periodical, they say they haven't time to read magazine stories—they are too busy writing them!

This same editor, disheartened over the poor grade of fiction that was coming to him, recently wrote an article in his magazine, telling young authors that their work would find a ready market with him if it was up to the standard his periodical had set. He begged for stories from these young writers' experience, from their heart, from their very soul; and he made it plain that he was in a hospitable mood, and was sincere in his desire to get young blood, new enthusiasm, a new point of view.

What was the result? His telephone began to ring the day after his magazine was on sale, asking for "further information"; his reception-room was crowded with a vainglorious group of youngsters who bore scenarios of moving-pictures under their arms—sketches, not stories; and they wondered why he was not as courteous to them as his article led them to believe he would be. They asked a hundred questions, none of which was á propos of his magazine's requirements; he was bombarded with the contents of emptied trunks and bureau drawers. No "new enthusiasm" was here!—only the old, old stuff, not even refurbished or regilded, but just thrown at him with looks that seemed to say, "Here it is at last—that big, vital American short story you are looking for!"

This editor now knows that it does not always pay to be too kind and generous. You cannot teach people how to write—they must learn for themselves. Fiction writers, no less than poets, are born, not made. And the man who eats up another's time is apt to have no time of his own when he can think and dream and work. And he goes away disgruntled. He never knows.

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FICTION: ONE AND TWENTY STRONG*

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

"THE WONDERFUL YEAR"

THE two young people who fill the first half of Mr. Locke's delightful fantasy, *The Wonderful Year,* are Corinna Hastings and Martin Overshaw. Taking the young woman first, here is what she has to say for herself, as told to Martin in the little Paris *café* where the couple, both poor and both desperate meet after a separation of years:

I'm an utter, hopeless failure. I'm done for. An old aunt died and left me a legacy of four hundred pounds. I thought I could best use it by coming to Paris to study art. I've been at it three years and I'm as clever as when I began. I have about twenty pounds left. When it's gone I shall have to go home to my smug and chuckling family. There are ten of us. I'm the eldest and the youngest is three months old. Pretty fit I should be after three years of Paris to go back. When I was at home last, if ever I referred to an essential fact of physiological or social existence, my good mother called me immodest and my sisters, goggle-eyed and breathless, besought me in corners to tell them all about it. When I tell them I know people who haven't gone through the ceremony of marriage, they think I'm giving them a peep into some awful hell of iniquity. It's a fearful joy to them. Then mother says I'm corrupting their young minds and father mentions me at family prayers. And the way they run after any young man that happens along is sickening. I'm a prudish old maid compared with them. Anyway Wendlebury—that's my home—would drive me mad. I'll have to go away and fend for myself. Father can't give me an allowance. Besides, I'm not that sort. What I do I must do on my own. But I can't do anything to get a living. I can't typewrite, I don't know shorthand. I can scarcely sew a button on a camisole. I'm not quite sure of my multiplication table, I couldn't add up a column of pounds, shillings and pence correctly to

*The Wonderful Year. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane and Company.

The Bird House Man. By Walter Pritchard Eaton. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Clover and Blue Grass. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Second Choice. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper and Brothers.

From the Housetops. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Damaris. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Guiding Thread. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Company.

Beef, Iron and Wine. By Jack Lait. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

A Divine Egotist. By V. E. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Cab of the Sleeping Horse. By John Reed Scott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The House of Fear. By Wadsworth Camp. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Curious Case of Marie Dupont. By Adele Luehrmann. New York: The Century Company.

The Kingdom of the Blind. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Barnacles. By J. Macdougal Hay. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Wall Street Girl. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Finding of Jasper Holt. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Painted Scene. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Magnificent Adventure. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Johnstone of the Border. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Wind's Will. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Leatherface. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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save my life. I play the devil with an egg if I put it into a saucepan, and if I attempted to bathe a baby I should drown it. I'm twenty-four years of age and a helpless, useless failure.

Martin is a young fellow of thirty, a college man who, when it was necessary to support his mother, became French teacher in a London middle-class school where for seven long years he stuffed enough so-called French into boys to enable them to pass examinations. In a fit of disgust he has thrown up his job and come to Paris for the first time in his life. He has forty pounds in his pocket. Paris seems Paradise to him, especially when he meets his old friend Corinna. The story opens as they are having dinner at the *Petit Cornichon* in the Rue Baret, an obscure street between the Sorbonne and the Seine. Both are young, both are in love with Paris, with art in all its phases, and both see life ahead as a blind alley. Before the meal is over they make the acquaintance of Mr. Daniel Fortinbras, a mysterious personage, half English, half French, who calls himself a *Marchand de Bonheur*. For years it has been his custom to frequent the small cafés of the Latin quarter, doing his best to alleviate misery. As a dealer in happiness he gives advice, patches up legal quarrels, lovers' squabbles. He knows human nature and he loves his fellow-man and woman. There is no trouble too complicated for him. His uniform charge for a consultation is five francs.

Corinna knows his reputation for ability and honesty so well that at sight of this shabby personage, part clergyman, part lawyer, possibly part rogue, she calls him to her table, lays down her five francs and puts their story before him. His prescription is an amazing one. He tells them to get bicycles and wheel to Brantôme in the south of France. There they will find his brother-in-law, Bijourdin, who keeps the Hôtel des Grottes. He will show them the road to happiness and incidentally how to make *paté de foie-gras*. The young people take his advice and start on their journey of three hundred miles. To tell further how the adventure turned out, or of the wonderful things that happened to them in this wonderful year would hardly be fair to Mr. Locke. The reader need not be told that the author's pictures of the Latin quarter and of the Brantôme life are fascinating. Mr. Locke loves his France and makes his readers do likewise. Some one has said that every true artist has two countries—his own and France. Mr. Locke agrees with this enthusiast. Nor need one be told that the book is full of quaint bits of wit and shrewd philosophy. The story is wholly fantastic, impossible, and, as I said in beginning, delightful.

"THE BIRD HOUSE MAN"

The central figure of *The Bird House Man* is a middle-aged philosopher who makes bird houses and mends hearts. When Alec Farnum finds two young people who ought to love each other he drops his hammer and saw long enough to knock their heads together until they see what is good for them. Luckily for the reader the neighbourhood of Southmead, where Farnum lived, was just full of couples who ought to marry and did not know it until the bird house man put it into their heads. From the observation of his beloved birds he learned a lot about human nature.

"Did you ever reflect," he said to his housekeeper, Mrs. Plumb, "that the birds never make a mistake in mating? Robins mate with robins, hermits with hermits. Who ever heard of a song sparrow mated with a grackle? It's only we poor blundering humans who get all mixed up in our mating. It is not so much Jew, or Chinese or Slav that makes the difference in us humans; it's our souls. Some of us are wild ducks, some of us are hermits and some of us are domestic robins or merry chickadees, or cantankerous crows. There are nightingales and song sparrows as well as hawks and grackles. But we don't find our own kind at mating time. Do you know why we don't, Mrs. Plumb? The answer

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to my question is that the circulation among souls is not free enough. It is too constricted. Love is with us a matter of proximity. We have to love—it's our nature. If we are a song sparrow and there is no other song sparrow in sight, we foolishly fall in love with the grackle next door. *That's the whole trouble with humanity.*"

So Alec sorts his cases over and tries to do his mating upon scientific principles. Sometimes he has trouble—he succeeds only after deluging his friends in tears. "Well, well," he once exclaims, "here we've all had a perfectly delightful time weeping. Let's go home." When, in the "Wild Duck," one of his birds wants to fly far away with a broken heart his method of cure is excellent. "The Wild Duck," by the way, one of the best sketches in the book, reminds me in essence of Arthur Schnitzler's witty playlet *Le Souper d'Adieu,* which Mr. Eaton in his days of dramatic criticism must have seen and enjoyed. In that little masterpiece a young man who wished to break with a fascinating ballet dancer, invites her to a farewell supper where he purports telling her that all is over between them, as he intends to marry and settle down. It was agreed between them when they first became acquainted that if ever one became tired of the other, he or she should say so openly. The time, he thinks, has now come for him to speak and he gives the supper, inviting an old friend of his to be present, as in the presence of another man the lady will not resort to hysterics. So the gay little banquet begins and after the oysters, while Gustave is making up his mind for the plunge, the dancer announces that she has something to say. It is, briefly, that she feels the time has come for a separation—she has decided to marry and settled down. Consternation and indignation upon the part of Gustave. The tables are turned upon him; while his old friend chuckles with glee and the ballet dancer drinks more champagne than is good for her.

Mr. Eaton's Wild Duck wants to fly away, but finds that the girl can fly, too. She is not going to stay at home with a broken heart. "I'm going to leave my broken heart behind!" she exclaims. "I'm not going to take any heart with me. I'm going to do a little wild ducking! Perhaps you'll tell me what my business is? Waiting for a man, I suppose, and singing in the Episcopal choir and helping wash dishes. Not much! The choir won't be any worse if I leave it—it couldn't—and father can afford to hire a maid!" So before the young man has a chance to break with her, she kicks over the Southmead traces and becomes a famous dancer, which brings the lover to his knees.

There are a dozen sketches in the volume, all of them sprinkled with homely wisdom and with, here and there, a touch of neat pathos.

"CLOVER AND BLUE GRASS"

In *Clover and Blue Grass* we have another lot of the Kentucky stories that have won wide favour for their author. Mrs. Hall knows her countryfolk from the ground up. She can laugh over their foibles and cry with pity over tragedies that are none the less tragedies because the people concerned are humble. But it is the laughter of the countryside rather than its tears that *Clover and Blue Grass* is concerned with. One of the best sketches in the book, "How Parson Page Went to the Circus," is a rollicking affair in which a good man who wants to keep in the straight and narrow path prescribed for him by custom and the Presbytery, finds himself elbowed out of it in disconcerting fashion. The parson and his wife went to the circus to see only the wild animals because animals are described at length in the Bible. But a storm comes up that drives the couple into the show tent; it was either that or the ruin of his wife's only silk dress. What the parson sees of the show, how it affected him, how he found himself winning a five dollar bet with the circus manager before he knew it, what he told his flock on getting home and what he told the Presbytery

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when he was called to account for conduct unbecoming in a minister, all this is amusingly told. At the end of his day at the circus the parson was confused. "This morning," he said to his wife, "when I set out for town, I thought I knew exactly what was right and what was wrong, but now I'm so turned and twisted that if anybody asked me whether the ten commandments ought to be observed, I believe I'd stop and think a long time before I answered, and then like as not I'd say: 'Sometimes they ought and sometimes they ought-n't.'" How the purchase from a slick-tongued agent of a wonderful dress-making chart got the female population of the neighbourhood into hot water is another clever sketch. The chart was warranted to show how to make anything from a ball dress to a pair of overalls. It promised such wonders that every woman in the village borrowed it. The chart may have been all right, but it was complicated and the results as displayed at Sunday meeting were amazing. One need not be told what an amount of fun Mrs. Hall can get out of such a situation.

"SECOND CHOICE"

In Will N. Harben's latest Georgia story, *Second Choice,* we have the history of a man who has to carry the burdens of his family—pay its debts, shield its black sheep, stave off the ruin that others bring about. He does all that any saint could ask him to do until the woman he loves throws him over because of his poverty. Then he takes the bit in his teeth and leaves the State. He was poor because his money had gone to keep his brother from the jail where he rightly belonged. In the Far West Wynn Dunham, after the usual ups and downs, begins to prosper. Years pass and he becomes a rich man. Georgia seems to be forgotten until he meets a queer character from home, a wandering medicine pedler who has found life too tame in a small town even with the good wife who slaved for him. This Thornton, the medicine pedler, is the foil to Dunham. He is as slippery as Dunham is sure. His idea of happiness is to swindle people from a soap box, and his joy was more in showing off his own cleverness than in making dollars. He, too, fled the State and fate brought him to the town in which Dunham was a power. There was a streak of good in Thornton which in the end made him yearn to go back to his wife and do his best to make her happy. For years he had been selling his nostrum under the impression that it was worthless—that was upon what he prided himself; any one could sell a good thing, but it required genius to make a fortune out of molasses and water at a dollar a bottle. Suddenly it is discovered that his Elixir of Life has astounding merit. Physicians praise it and a big company pays him fifty thousand dollars for his secret. Thornton, from the moment he knows his Elixir is a real elixir, feels that his occupation is gone. He sells out and prepares to go home to Georgia.

Before going, however, he induces Dunham to forgive the past, to forgive even the brother whose crime drove him from home and lost him his early love. The two men return to Georgia. In order to test the situation, they appear almost in rags and pretend poverty. Thornton's wife receives him with open arms, offering to share her little with him, while Dunham finds in the younger sister of his old sweetheart the one whom he ought to have married years before. *Second Choice* is a tale of humble people told with skill and with appreciation of the humourous pages of rural life.

"FROM THE HOUSETOPS"

From the Housetops starts out with rather an astonishing situation. A young physician of good family, the grandson and only heir of a rich merchant, discovers that while he is away in Europe his grandfather has induced Anne Tresslyn, the girl whom he adores and whom he expected to marry, not only to discard him but to take the old man. Old Templeton Thorpe was nearly eighty

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and the girl was twenty-two. How and why this astonishing state of things is brought about constitutes the problem set before the reader with all the customary ingenuity of Mr. McCutcheon.

Templeton Thorpe loves his grandson. He is an old man and very ill. He may live a month or a year—hardly more. He knows that Anne cannot love him except as a girl may love her own grandfather. And yet he is ready to break his grandson's heart if the girl will consent to this extraordinary marriage. Anne, upon her part, has no illusions. She knows that Braden Thorpe, the man she loves is worthy of her and that marriage with his grandfather is a criminal farce; yet she is willing to do it and does it. Braden is wildly indignant and feels that the world has gone insane, as well he might. There is the puzzle to be worked out, and perhaps it would be unfair to the author to hint at the solution. The little drama takes place in New York with its background of social joys and tribulations. There are despicable characters and some noble ones, with, as secondary theme, another problem: how far has a physician, or any one, the right to take life when death will be a blessed relief for the sufferer and the deed is done at his prayer? This part is treated very seriously and is in contrast with much of Mr. McCutcheon's previous work. It is an old problem about which much may be said. Its introduction here into the situation outlined presents it from another angle.

In the end all is well. But this is not accomplished without many adventures, painful and otherwise. Templeton Thorpe marries Anne and does it, as he says, because he loves his grandson. Whether he was right or wrong, the reader must decide for himself.

"DAMARIS"

Lucas Malet's *Damaris* is the story of a man's salvation through love for a child. Her scene is India, at the military post of Bhutpur, where Colonel Charles Verity is Chief Commissioner and virtual ruler. The chief characters of the romance are this Verity, a strong character in most things, but the prey of the several women who pass through his life, his little daughter Damaris, and the beautiful Mrs. Henrietta Pereira, with whom Verity had been madly in love when she was the wife of his best friend. The romance of years ended for the time being when she went home from India to England with her husband, Chauncey Adams, and Verity, in despair, married the young girl who on her death bed confided her child Damaris to him. It was the irony of fate that no sooner had Verity burned his ships behind him by marrying than Adams died in England. His old love was free, but he was bound. Henrietta was not a woman who could remain long without a slave, and so she married Captain John K. Pereira, a handsome gambler who thought his fortune made when he captured the rich widow. Then came the death of Verity's wife. If Pereira knew what was decent in him he would have shot himself. But he was devoid of decency and he promised to live a century. When the story opens Verity has invited his old friend, Mrs. Pereira, to spend a month as his guest in Bhutpur, and she, holding the family purse-strings, has induced her husband to consent. He could stay in Bombay, drinking and gambling at his wife's expense. Verity needed her advice as to the education of his little Damaris, and she felt it a duty as well as a pleasure to consent.

Mrs. Pereira, as she stood beside Colonel Verity, presented an appearance almost extravagantly feminine. She wore a round cloak of light, self-coloured, silky material which covered her, extinguisher-wise, to the hem of her widely distended petticoats. Her narrow-brimmed white hat had a trimming of pale blue feathers and black ribbon velvet. Over the low crown of it a blue gauze veil floated. Her mouse-brown hair was arranged in a large bun-like chignon. From behind her left ear one long smooth curl depended until the end of it rested on the swell of her bosom. Not only crinolines but profiles were then in fashion; the squashy,

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loose-lipped, boneless, democratic style of beauty prevalent not having yet reached us from across the Atlantic. Mrs. Pereira possessed a profile. Her whole mask indeed, was chiselled and finished as of a cameo. Modern taste would probably condemn it as being at once too defined and too finical, lacking in mobility and in amount of actual flesh. It is undeniable that her lips were thin, although when she smiled the corners of her mouth tipped upward with almost disconcerting merriment. Her eyes did more than smile. They laughed and that not unfrequently, thanks to the entertainment afforded her by the vagaries, vanities, weaknesses of her acquaintances, friends and other than friends, alike. Toward all these her attitude, though not actively benevolent, was at least admirably tolerant. For, if the passion of pity was somewhat wanting in her, the passion of persecution was wholly so. At three and thirty her complexion still successfully withstood the acerbities of the Indian climate, her skin being remarkably fine in texture and of an almost silvery whiteness. On the round of either cheek a charming blush-rose blossomed, which owed its presence to the natural excellence of her circulation rather than to art. A woman of exquisite surfaces both mental and physical, polished, iridescent, substantially the same yet superficially changeful as mother-of-pearl having, not impossibly, as basis of nature and character, traces of the gritty, harshly resistant "shell" which backs that extremely lovely substance.

Such is the picture which the author gives of the lovely Mrs. Pereira. No wonder that her coming created disturbance. All the women hated her on sight. All the men became her humble adorers. But little Damaris loved her, first for her beauty, next for some streak of tenderness which children find with the same certainty that they discern its lack. Damaris gave up her dearest dolls to earn Mrs. Pereira's good will, and the "effalent" she received from her as a parting gift was the one beautiful thing in her little life.

In an army post such as that so graphically described as is Bhutpur, the current of venomous gossip runs deep and swift. The account of the campaign waged by the women of the post from Sarah Watson, Damaris's old nurse, who resented to the death any encroachment upon her influence over the child, to the woman whose position as reigning belle was threatened by the newcomer, is given with skill and wit. The near tragedy that results in Mrs. Pereira's attempt to be friendly with Colonel Verity's young men, has a more serious note. The long-smouldering passion of Verity himself for the woman who cannot belong to him except by flight and defiance of conventions that hold in Bhutpur as strongly as in London, this of course is the vital theme of the book. Through it all runs the innocent, quaint, childish prattle of Damaris, "the wise child," as her father calls her. It is a picture of a fierce passion with, as background, the soul of a lovely child and still further back the mystic spell of India. The author has written of post life before. In *Damaris* her pen shows no falling off in the depiction of men and women under stress of temptation.

"THE GUIDING THREAD"

Joan Holbrook, the chief figure of Beatrice Harraden's *The Guiding Thread,* has married a man whose one passion in life is the Italian Renaissance. The history of that time has been his life work—he has dreamed and thought of nothing else, making subordinate to it everything and everybody, even his pretty young wife whom he has trained, rather against her will, to become his amanuensis and his assistant. In order to devote himself and her more fully to the great history that he intends writing he has buried himself in a remote village where nothing but books can find them and lives in a den reached by a ladder. Years of this lonely life have clouded the young woman's brain. She doubts at last the value of the work they are doing. She doubts her husband's inspiration, she doubts herself. Gradually into her brain creeps the idea that she has become nothing but a parrot,

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repeating the phrases, the ideas that her husband has taught her. Her enthusiasm for the great work vanishes. She longs for freedom, for people, for life. She does not want to spend the rest of her existence studying the lives of people dead and gone these hundreds of years; she wants to meet and talk with people who still live. The company of Savonarola, the Medici, the Borgias, the Sforazas, the D'Estes and all that company of brilliant and often wicked people has grown hateful to her. She thinks that too much study has made Horace, her husband, a trifle mad, and, to tell the truth, she is not far wrong.

So Joan resolves to break her chains. While Horace is away from his den she burns the work of years—her work—and calmly tells him that she has done so because the papers contained nothing really of hers. All was but an echo of what he told her. But Horace depended on those notes which had taken seven years to gather. A lifetime would hardly suffice to replace them. In a fit of wild rage he strikes her. A second later he is horrified for, although he does not seem to know it, he loves Joan even more than the Italian Renaissance. Joan listens in a dazed way to his cries for forgiveness and the next day runs away to seek life that is life and not a shadow cast by the life of four hundred years ago.

The book then becomes an account of Joan's adventures in the world. She falls in with extraordinary people, some amusing, some proper, some the reverse. She crosses the Atlantic and nearly starves until her knowledge of the Italian Renaissance comes to her rescue when a publisher gives her work in that field and finds that she is a marvel of erudition and taste. She still feels that she is merely the echo of all that Horace taught her, but gradually the truth grows upon her that unconsciously she has absorbed much of his love and enthusiasm, and that after all, when apart from him, she has ideas of her own, discrimination, taste, judgment. The blow that Horace struck liberated her. It was the heroic remedy she needed. For a well-known author and an ardent suffragist to put forward this thrashing of a loving wife as the salvation of the woman, looks a bit like subtle sarcasm, but certainly Joan's redemption begins with that blow which sent her reeling when Horace discovered that the Italian Renaissance notes had gone into the fire.

While Joan is winning fame and fortune as an editor in New York, Horace is eating his heart out at home. He has done his best to find her, but in vain. He suspects his best friend, Beaudesart, of having given her shelter and is inclined to strike him, too. Beaudesart, by the way, is an artist who saw Joan once in her husband's den, but carried away so vivid and delightful an impression that his studio walls blossomed with her portraits. And Horace, finding them, imagined all sorts of things. He still toils at the Italian Renaissance, having partly replaced the loss of the notes that Joan burned. But he is bitter still against her, more perhaps because she had left him than because she had stopped his work. Even when Joan comes back, having heard that he was ill, lonely, sick with longing for her, he repulses her, suspecting that she is in league with Beaudesart, and it is only when she risks her life to save the manuscripts of the Italian Renaissance from a fire in Horace's den, and incidentally saves Horace also, that the recluse student of the Renaissance takes Joan to his arms:

"Joan, my little Joan," he murmured, "and you saved me when you could have freed yourself from me. What a wonderful, wonderful thing." And the author ends her book with: "For answer he saw the light of love in her eyes." The moral, if there is any, is, I repeat, perhaps a dangerous one for a suffragist to point. It looks too much as if it might be: When your wife is discontented, knock her down. If she runs away and comes back, knock her down again. Then, in the words of the author, you may "see the light of love in her eyes."

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"BEEF, IRON AND WINE"

Perhaps the most interesting page in *Beef, Iron and Wine,* by Jack Lait, is the one devoted to the author's history. It seems that Jack Lait for a year or more has written a short story every day for a Chicago newspaper—what is called a "fresh, snappy, human story"—and he writes a longer tale for a magazine every month. Before doing these wonders he was a wharf-rat, a ball player, a college student, book agent, police-reporter, political writer, baseball expert, dramatic critic, war correspondent, playwright, novelist and Harry Lauder's press agent. After such a training surely a man ought to be able to write anything—or nothing. There are a score or so of Mr. Lait's sketches in the volume. They are said to suggest O. Henry to some people.

"A DIVINE EGOTIST"

Miss Roe undertakes a good deal when she makes the heroine of *A Divine Egotist* accomplish the wonders she attempts. Velviny Craith is a novelist who, after transforming a broken-down farm into a model settlement where the crops are magnificent and the tenants as happy as the day is long, tackles the bigger problem of freeing her county town from the ring of corrupt politicians who have it in their clutches. It is a tremendous task for any one, doubly difficult for a woman. But Velviny is no common woman. She is a divine egotist who believes that things ought to go right because she thinks they ought not to go wrong, and with the help of this spirit she carries the thing through. Incidentally she forges her sharpest sword from the most worthless material, in other words, she finds her champion in the drunkard she rescues from the gutter. The whole task is almost beyond her, but with courage, prayer and the simple refusal to acknowledge defeat she comes through at the end with flying colours, having made a man from a brute, and saved her town from disgrace. Of course there is a love story mixed in with the turmoil of ward politics. Velviny is too much of a woman not to love the man she has created out of nothing, and he helps her to find the difference between the aristocratic snob she might have married but for accident and the regenerated and noble fellow who takes her to his arms in the last chapter. There is a good deal of fun in Miss Roe's unpretentious little story. A young woman who can thrash a vile politician with one hand and with the other apply horse liniment to her old black "mammy's" lame knee—with frightful results—may be depended upon as versatile. And there is also pathos, for Miss Roe's account of Velviny's adoption of the blind baby, Janness, is one of the best things to her credit.

MYSTERY STORIES: "THE CAB OF THE SLEEPING HORSE," "THE HOUSE OF FEAR," "THE CURIOUS CASE OF MARIE DUPONT," "THE KINGDOM OF THE BLIND"

The Cab of the Sleeping Horse is the absurd title of a story that fits the title. An American diplomatist, or alleged diplomatist, named Harleston, is walking back one night to his palatial apartment in one of Washington's finest apartment houses when he comes across a cab-horse asleep, tied to an empty cab. Curiosity impels him to look inside. He is rewarded with a lace handkerchief, some roses and a letter, all of which he carries off to the aforesaid palatial apartment. The paper, which he examines when safe indoors, contains an apparently meaningless string of capital letters—evidently a code message. The diplomatist is a clever man, so he takes his finds to a friend in the next apartment and goes to bed. An hour later several gentlemen of fierce aspect break in upon him to demand the letter he found in the cab. The veriest tyro at detective stories can see from here that this code message is of vast international importance and that the reader is to assist in a helter-skelter race for it that will last till the end of the book. De-

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tectives, male and female, spies, statesmen, even our Secretary of State, thieves, burglars and lady-like swindlers are mixed up in the race. A certain Mrs. Spencer, once the morganatic wife of the Duke of Lotzen, later the mistress of several other distinguished persons, and, when the story begins, a secret agent of Germany, described as the most fascinating and accomplished woman of two continents is the keenest of the hounds on the scent. This is the way the author makes her talk: "Why didn't she beat it there direct from the train I can't imagine. It riles me, however, that the affair was so atrociously bungled by Crenshaw and the others." This sounds like telephone-girl talk, but it is from the ex-Duchess; and the real angel of the book, Mrs. Clephane, is not much better. Here is her summary of life: "A man may be cynical and get away with it; a woman only injures her complexion and makes trouble for herself. Me for the happy spirit and side-stepping the bumps."

Those of us who have been inside great theatres when the lights are out, the seats covered with cloths and the place everything that a theatre should not be will acknowledge the inspiration that led Wadsworth Camp to place his latest mystery in an abandoned playhouse. *The House of Fear* is the name given to an old theatre unoccupied for years and now taken by a bold manager named McHugh who proposes nothing less than a revival of the very play in which a great actor died forty years before on the stage as he uttered a famous line of imprecation. People shake their heads and predict that nothing but misfortune can come of such temerity and so it proves. Fear grips every member of the cast, from the first rehearsal. It is only the grim determination of the manager that compels them to go on. At the dress rehearsal the leading man falls dead just as his predecessor had done, and at the same line. That might have daunted most managers, who as a matter of fact are rather superstitious men. But not so in this case. McHugh vows that he will put the play on if every ghost of the old company gathers on the stage and every seat in the audience has a skeleton in it. He finds another leading man daring enough to attempt the part. The night of the dress rehearsal comes around again and with tense nerves all concerned watch for the fatal line. There have been warnings without number that something terrible would happen. Ghostly telephone calls have come from the air; the curtain rose without human help; electric lights went out and on again without rhyme or reason; the orchestra's music was bewitched. And, sure enough, the leading man almost loses his life. But there proves to be a solid foundation for the diabolical doings in the old playhouse. McHugh solves the mystery. The sense of abject fear produced by an unseen foe is well portrayed and for those who like to read with cold shivers running down their backs *The House of Fear* is just the book.

The Curious Case of Marie Dupont is said to be the first book of Miss Adele Luehrmann. If it were the lady's tenth, it would still be a credit to her, for as mystery stories go this has all the attributes of a good one—sustained interest, movement, and the sort of ingenuity that keeps the reader guessing and guessing wrong all the time. An elderly man, Roger Gavock, who has lived most of his life in Paris, comes back to New York and goes one rainy night to dine with the son of an old friend. On his way through the storm he stumbles against a young and pretty woman. With the habit of years he blurts out: *"Pardonnez-moi, Madame,"* to which she responds: *"Ça ne fait rien, Monsieur,"* which is just what two people in collision on a rainy night might say to another in the Rue de la Paix. The curious feature of this collsion is that upon trying to continue the conversation in French, the girl professes to know no French. So after excuses in English he passes on to tell the story to his young friend. The young man also had a story to tell. He was engaged to the loveliest

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girl in the world and the best dancer of their set, Marie Dupont. He would take his father's friend to see her dance at a charity entertainment that night, and in the meantime there was her photograph on the desk. Gavock took it up and it was the picture of the girl he had met in the street. Moreover it was a face that he had seen somewhere under strange circumstances. He could not remember where; but he was certain that the face was familiar and that the girl had played some extraordinary part. Then he goes to the dance and with all the rest of the guests marvels at the beauty and grace of this Marie Dupont. When she ends her performance with a strange Russian dance, far too well done and too daring to meet with the approval of the society women present, a light breaks upon him. He had seen the girl years before. He had seen her in that Russian dance in a vile Montmartre all-night café where she was known as the mistress of a notorious Rumanian prince and a leader of the *demi-monde*. There is the mystery presented by the author, who unravels it cleverly, at times in too melodramatic a fashion, but always with sufficient skill to hold the reader's interest.

Mr. Oppenheim's latest romance, *The Kingdom of the Blind,* deals with war matters. Most of his personages are in uniform, but they are just as mysterious, just as puzzling as ever. The villain is an English officer, of course with a tinge of German blood in him, who goes about the best society in London picking up information that may be of value to his beloved Kaiser. It is stretching our credulity a trifle to tell us that this dashing Captain Granet carries about with him an autograph letter from the Kaiser offering England peace and all she wants if he, the Kaiser, is allowed to crush France, but that is Mr. Oppenheim's idea of high diplomacy. Of course there is a love story—several of them in fact—and *cherchez les femmes* would not be an inappropriate title, for the women concerned are a singularly foolish lot. No man in his senses would think of trusting one of them with anything worth keeping. Some of the war pictures have lots of dramatic movement and the Zeppelin raid in which the villain meets his end is quite an exciting affair. The book teems with detectives, secret intelligence officers, envoys in every possible guise, and of course the most harmless man in the world turns out to be the most dangerous. There are surprises without end and excitement on every page—for, of course, Mr. Oppenheim may be trusted for that.

"BARNACLES"

Barnacles, by J. Macdougal Hay, is the story of a sensitive little fellow whose passion in life is the fiddle to which he sticks through poverty, ill-usage, and hard luck, and it is the fiddle that brings him to peace and true love in the end. When Barnacles runs away from the farm taking one of his father's sheep because he thinks he has earned it, his idea is to sell it and buy a fiddle. Life after that does not concern him. He must have a fiddle or die. To tell the truth, Barnacles is a simple-minded chap who is swindled by rogues and cried over by good people. But he is the soul of honesty and he has a heart of gold, even for the sheep that he could see butchered for a fiddle. It is a nice little tale, prettily fanciful and at times touching.

"THE WALL STREET GIRL"

That a girl may work a typewriter in a broker's office and yet be more worthy of love than one whose horizon is bounded by pink teas and diamonds, need hardly be doubted. Mr. Bartlett, in *The Wall Street Girl* contrasts the two young women and shows that Don Pendleton, the young man who found that the typist was an angel and the society girl anything but that, had excellent judgment. It is all rather too obvious—no man in his senses, even a broker's clerk, could have hesitated.

"THE FINDING OF JASPER HOLT"

Mrs. Lutz's hero, Jasper Holt, who gives his name to *The Finding of Jas-*

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per Holt, began life by getting from one scrape into another, but always as the champion of some one weaker than himself. His rich mother could do nothing with him. He was the despair of his teachers and yet he acquired a marvelous amount of knowledge. In college he was so hopeless that his mother cast him off and he made a home for himself in the free West. His house came to be the refuge for sinners; the outcasts of society were drawn to him for help or comfort in dire need or peril. He had always been the champion of the under dog and by finding others he found himself. Of course such a man cannot escape love and Jean proves the wife that he needs.

"THE PAINTED SCENE"

A dozen sketches of life behind the scenes make up Henry K. Webster's *The Painted Scene,* wherein one may learn much of the joys and sorrows of the people we see strutting upon the stage. The chorus girl is just as interesting—or uninteresting—off the stage as she is on it, and Mr. Webster shows something of the girl's life that most people ignore. That she is human is sometimes forgotten. These stage stories, republished from various sources, are by one who knows the field. Some of them in which pathos is blended with humour ring true enough to have a foundation in fact. Probably a dramatic reporter's notebook furnished it.

"THE MAGNIFICENT ADVENTURE"

Aaron Burr was so romantic a figure that one cannot wonder at the scores of tales woven around him by story writers in the last fifty years. While this latest portrait study, *The Magnificent Adventure,* by Emerson Hough, does not, however, make Burr the chief figure, but Merriwether Lewis, whose plans for research in the Far West the famous statesman wishes to checkmate. But Burr is, after all, the man to whom the reader listens with most attention, for he was the most fascinating scoundrel of his time. The story, which is told with no little skill, deals partly with Lewis's love for Theodosia Burr, the vice-president's daughter, and the price he paid for love.

"JOHNSTONE OF THE BORDER"

With the waters of the Solway Firth as his setting Mr. Harold Bindloss gives us a new tale, *Johnstone of the Border,* that deals with war, submarines, brave men and perilous adventure. Johnstone knows the coast along the North Sea from end to end. Tracking spies is sport to him and submarines are big game. He would rather fight than make love, which is rather surprising, for Elsie, his sweetheart, proves herself worth winning and of course he does win her in the end. Both the fighting and the lovemaking are given in plentiful measure.

"WIND'S WILL"

A spirited picture of Paris and France in the days following Waterloo will be found in *Wind's Will,* a romance by Agnes and Egerton Castle that begins when the wind carries the red kerchief of pretty Colinette, the flower girl of the Place Vendôme right into the face of Captain Geoffrey Swifte, the handsomest officer in the English Light Dragoons. He restores the kerchief but exacts a kiss in return. The romance that follows results in a wedding that creates no end of gossip, for Colinette is a peasant and Geoffrey is a nobleman. The pair have tribulations that threaten shipwreck, but weather their storms in the end. The best feature of the book is the graphic talk throughout, whether the prattle of the French peasants whom these authors know and love so well, or the stilted gossip of the society butterflies, male and female, who were never more curious in language or deportment than at the period chosen. The attitude of Colinette's relatives and friends toward her marriage, half envy, half scorn, is both curious and amusing and the writers have the art of making their conversations, especially of the peasants,

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seem real. It is a picture of the time quite as much as the adventure of two spirited young lovers.

"LEATHERFACE"

Baroness Orczy is nothing if not thrilling, and her latest book, *Leatherface,* will disappoint none of her readers. The hero has every attribute that heroes ought to have. He can fight all day and all night and often does so. In the intervals of fighting he can make love with equal vigour. The time is that of the ignoble Duke of Alva whom the Prince of Orange defies and holds at bay with the help of Leatherface. The wonders this mysterious personage achieves make him the hope of the oppressed and the dread of the wicked. The reader may be assured that it is all vastly exciting, for if not the pen of the author would have lost its cunning.

THE PAP WE HAVE BEEN FED ON

BY EDNA KENTON

VIII—"LADY DOCTRESSES" OF NINETEENTH CENTURY FICTION

I

IT is hardly possible to fathom to-day the depth of daring with which *Blackwood's Magazine* published Charles Reade's *A Woman Hater* in 1876; the first English novel, on its editorial word, "to have a *lady doctress* as a heroine." "The Shameless Seven" were still fighting at Edinburgh University—the seven pioneer women who faced prurient mud for years before they were granted medical degrees from a British medical school. The "delicacy" of the Victorian spinsterhood, male and female, waxed fat and luscious for years on the mental food furnished by this shameless demand of shameless women for shameful knowledge, and revelled in imaginings of the dissecting rooms that outdid any reality. Current comment in the British medical and other journals of the sixties and seventies make clearer than crystal the humourous inanity of a "lady" of that strange, dehumanised era.

In *A Woman Hater* Charles Reade makes Doctress Gale, as he punctiliously calls her, not so much the heroine of a great struggle as it raged, as the historian of it. And a Victorian lady Doctress Gale certainly was not. But she had ladylike reactions, many of them, lapses hardly to be avoided at so early a stage in the development of a doctress in life or fiction. And she could recount! Anyone who wishes an impassioned and fairly accurate account from the woman's side of that particular battle between the old and the new will not find it misapplied time to run through Doctress Rhoda Gale's "Little Narrative of Dry Facts Told to a Woman Hater by a Woman" that runs through fifty prolonged pages.

As the first doctress known to English fiction Rhoda Gale's personal appearance may not be without hints to the wary. When Harrington Vizard, a Barfordshire squire, with twelve thousand acres, a library, and a hatred of woman that he cherished above all his other possessions, first met her, it was as a half-fainting young woman in black merino and clean collar and cuffs, who is, to be brief, half-starved. She had large hands, a fine, large frame, a "stride," and verged rather toward "the masculine." Temperamentally she "was not amorous, and because of this she was all the more open to female attachments." Of these she has several throughout the novel, and betrays a cool disregard of the human male that in the

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end outran Vizard's temperamental and cultivated "hatred" of women. He and Rhoda are, however, very good friends after the male model of friendship in fiction. Vizard took her into a restaurant, immediately after he found her in distress and, while he fed her, began to ask himself "What manner of woman is this woman?" For she uses Latinistic English, speaks of the English daisy as "Bellis perennis-syngensia superflua," and comments upon her nerves with an air of scientifically intimate friendship. When she finally told him she had gauged him from the first as "gentlemanly," and added: "Not even hunger would make me sit in a tavern beside a fool or a snob or (with a faint blush) a libertine," Vizard's curiosity at this sort of converse from a mid-Victorian female roused him to the point of demanding query, and the young woman responded vibrantly:

"You will hear a story that the public is deeply interested in and does not know it; ay, a story that will be referred to with wonder and shame whenever civilisation shall become a reality and law cease to be a tool of injustice and monopoly. I am a medical student; a would-be doctor."

Vizard commented with a simple gasp, and she added quickly:

"And so well qualified by genuine gifts, by studying from my infancy, by zeal, quick senses, and cultivated judgment, that, were all the leading London physicians examined to-morrow by qualified persons at the same board as myself, most of these worthy practitioners would cut an indifferent figure in modern science compared with me, whom you have had to rescue from starvation—because I am a woman!"

With this impassioned gambit she set forth upon her little narrative of twenty thousand words, beginning with her childhood. Rhoda's mother had seemingly made a little intellectual gymnast of her daughter, for before she was seven she had studied wild flowers, birds, eggs, Agassiz, ants, in short, Nature. Born in Boston, she studied medicine in Zurich first. "But the school deteriorated," said Rhoda contemptuously. "Too many ladies poured in from Russia; some were not in earnest and preferred flirting to study, and did themselves no good and made the male students idler and wickeder than ever—if possible." So she passed on to southern France, where "a French professor" told her with a shrug that it was not for them to teach her delicacy, but rather to learn it from her. "That was a French sneer," said Rhoda keenly, "and I received both shrug and sneer like marble."

Then Rhoda went to Edinburgh, where in real life Miss Jex Blake had preceded her, and, for the sufficient purposes of romance, became one of the Dauntless Seven who fought the fight for medical freedom on behalf of would-be doctresses of Queen Victoria's middle reign. From now on her narrative becomes truly one of dry facts and figures, for she pours out names and dates of early feministic achievements that read like a Woman's Who's Who of the Italian Renaissance, and statistics up to 1876 until Vizard forces the ardent Reade to make him say: "Fancy your remembering figures like that!" She designates the British medical society as a "doctors' union," a closed shop against women.

"We were seven ladies who wished to be doctresses. . . . Our enemies suggested that we must be seven shameless women who pursued medicine as a handle to sexuality; who went into the dissecting rooms to dissect males; and who demanded mixed classes, that we might have male companions in those studies which every feminine woman would avoid altogether. . . . What a monstrous interpretation of pure minds by minds impure! To us the dissecting room was a temple, and the dead an awe, revolting to all our senses until the knife revealed to our minds the Creator's hand in structural beauties that the trained can appreciate if wicked dunces can't. . . . And as to the infirmary, we should have done just what we did at Zurich. We held a little aloof from the male students, unless some good-natured lecturer gave us a signal, and then we came

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forward. If we came uninvited, we always stood behind the male students, but we did crowd round the beds of the female patients, and claimed the inner row; and, sir, *they thanked God for us openly!*"

Rhoda Gale despised music, art, dress. She was a French doctress, but under the English law she could not practise in England. Harrington Vizard, woman hater, is dared to defy this law, and declares she shall doctor all Barfordshire, keep seven hundred villagers well, practise at her will in the county hospital and infirmary; "and no magistrate will ever summons you, or jury convict you!"

In Barfordshire, therefore, we take leave of the first doctress in English fiction, prescribing roast beef and port wine for an old man who is "nearly exsanguis"; doing up a bleeding head after the manner of the unsterilised seventies, and adding data from time to time to her projected treatise on *The Cure of Disorders by Esculents.*

II

But in America, three or four years before Doctress Gale's time, Ruth Bolton, Quakeress and doctress, had been hammered into a semblance of life by the earnest hands of Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner in *The Gilded Age.* As she sat in her father's house, in Philadelphia, aged eighteen, "reading a medical work," she said suddenly to her Quaker mother, "Mother, I'm going to study medicine." Mrs. Bolton, of the Friends' Society, is as completely upset as a born and bred Quaker may be. "Thee, study medicine!" she exclaimed. "A frail, slight girl like thee, study medicine! And then the lectures and the dissecting rooms, has thee thought of the dissecting rooms!" Of course Ruth had—it seems to be the sum total of argument pro and con against the medical profession for women.

Ruth's father, strangely enough, was not so hostile. According to Twain, he said indeed that he didn't see why a woman shouldn't enter the medical profession if she felt a call to it, and suggests that Ruth study at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. She does, and we are given a harrowing scene in a dissecting room, when Ruth and another girl student go up alone to this grisly place at night to complete "before dawn" a nice little problem in nerve ganglia. But Ruth's mother is right; Ruth was too frail and slight. Furthermore she becomes truly womanly and falls completely in love; therefore, though duly graduated, she marries this young man, named Philip, and gives up her profession.

In *Dr. Breen's Practice,* Mr. Howells cuts his heroine from the same piece of cloth, a fabric neither all wool, nor warranted to wear. Grace Breen is temperamentally unfitted for the arduous profession she chose to enter upon, and she does not necessarily prove much one way or the other. She is a heroine of 1881, and a homeopathic doctress at that. Somehow homeopathy seemed to the quizzical Mr. Howells, and, later, to the earnest Miss Phelps, more ladylike than the rougher drugs of the regular school. Certainly both Dr. Breen and Dr. Zay go about their little worlds dispensing pleasant pellets, to children, women, and men. Grace Breen had had a "romance," a recalcitrant lover who had deceived her, and had, later, married her dearest friend. She had no need of her profession for support, and, because of her unusual delicacy, "its study has cost of her more than the usual suffering that it brings to persons of sensitive nerves. Some details were almost insuperably repugnant." One infers that here Mr. Howells refers indirectly to the dissecting room. Her mother had never opposed her. Grace's ambition "had harmonised very well with certain radical tendencies of her own, and it was at least not marriage, which she had found tolerable only in its modified form of widowhood."

The world of the charming eighties, which included at that time Mr. Howells, had not yet got over its awed or supercilious amazement at women who

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could learn things from books—life was still a sealed book to most Anglo-Saxon heroines—and its delineators who struggled, were afflicted with a universal and involuntary impulse to put them all into some sort of sternly conceived and relentlessly modelled uniform. Both Dr. Breen and Mr. Howells repressed this impulse consciously:

> If it had not been so much like affectation and so counter to her strong æsthetic instinct, she might have made her dress somehow significant of her complete abeyance in such matters, but as it was, she only studied simplicity. . . . There had been a time when, in planning her career, she had imagined herself studying a masculine simplicity and directness of address, but the oversuccess of some young women, her fellows at the school, had disgusted her with it, and she had perceived that, after all, there is nothing better for a girl, even a girl who is a doctor of medicine, than a ladylike manner.

In those days, this was not pap, but the strong meat of doctrine. Grace is conscious of her sex—as conscious as Mr. Howells.

> "I am not a man. I have accepted that with all the rest. I don't rebel against being a woman. If I had been a man, I shouldn't have studied medicine. You know that. I wished to be a physician because I was a woman. . . . I think it's rather hard, mother, that you should always be talking as if I meant to take my profession mannishly! All that I intend is not to take it womanishly; but as for not being a woman about it, or about anything else, that's simply impossible. A woman is reminded of her insufficiency to herself every hour of the day. And it's always a man that comes to her help. . . . Talk about men being obstacles! It's the other women. There isn't a woman in the house who wouldn't trust herself sooner in the hands of the stupidest boy that got his diploma with me than she would in mine!"

Dr. Breen is twenty-eight, a mature age for a heroine of the early eighties, before the recognised days of Bella Donnas and The Dangerous Age. But she could not yet bear coldly the confusion to which her quality as diplomaed doctress put men confronted for the first time with a graduate of the New York Homeopathic School. It was hardly less routing, however, than the attitude of women compelled by exigencies to accept her medical services. By one of them she is forced into consultation with a certain Dr. Mulbridge, who treats her as a lady until he learns she is a doctress; then he treats her as one might a pretty child who has precociously and preciously learned a Latin conjugation, until he becomes aware that she is of the homeopathic school, when he faces her as if "she had suddenly changed from a piquant mystery to a terrible dilemma." But he falls headlong and with a certain Scotch dourness in love with her, and tells her she is too nervous and conscientious ever to qualify as a doctress; that she is, in short, a woman, and must give up this man's profession. Grace is by then totally discouraged, and says honestly enough that it has given her up, that she never liked it. She is still obsessed with a Victorian consciousness of sex:

> "And I don't give it up because I am unfit as a woman. I might be a man, and still be impulsive and timid and nervous, and everything I thought I was not."
>
> "Yes," said Dr. Mulbridge, "you might be all that and be a man; but you'd be an exceptional man, and I don't think you're an exceptional woman. If you've failed, it isn't your temperament that's to blame."
>
> "I think it is. The wrong is in me individually somewhere."

But the harsh male allopath insists that she has failed not individually, but solely because she is woman, not man; and though Mr. Howells refuses to give this gentleman his heart's desire in Grace Breen's love, he undoubtedly accepts Dr. Mulbridge's intellectual conclusions, at least for the "advanced woman" type of the eighties.

III

A year later Elizabeth Stuart Phelps brought out *Dr. Zay*, in which she

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dared far more than the sex-conscious Mr. Howells, though one cannot completely argue away Miss Phelps's personal consciousness of sex differentiations, as she gives Waldo Yorke of Boston, suffering severely from wounds "in the head, the foot, and the right arm," into the professional care of Dr. Atalanta Lloyd, known to her community as "Dr. Zay." Young Mr. Yorke has been in a female doctor's hands for hours before he realises that the physician who is changing the bandages on his head has *a woman's hands!* Even the reader of today, inured by a long procession of "sex problem" novels to shock, feels a reflex sense of the horror of 1882 at such a state of affairs. "I am in a *woman's* hands?" says Mr. Yorke nervously. He perceived a woman of medium height, with well-shaped head, and he observed unusual signs of strength in her fingers, "which were not yet deficient in delicacy." Just then a deep wound opens below the shoulder, and blood from a severed artery spurts forth. Dr. Zay serenely "bared" his arm, selected an artery forceps, ligated the artery, and rebandaged it. She also bathed and rebandaged his "foot." Her face betrayed no uneasiness, "only studious attention." Later she tells him what befell him as he pitched from the broken bridge. "A dislocation of the ankle; a severed artery in the arm; and concussion of the brain. It was a beautiful dislocation," adds the doctor with enthusiasm. Then she surveyed him closely, and he felt most conscious and wondered why. But the female doctor merely observed of his eyes and facial colour: "That is a *chichona* look!"

If Waldo Yorke had ever thought deeply upon doctresses, which he had not, he held them to be higher nurses, poor women who wore unbecoming clothes, took the horse cars, and probably dropped their "g's." But Dr. Zay was, quaintly enough, "a lady," who wore "fine cashmere dresses," and bits of carmine ribbon about her immaculate linen collars. Later it developed, to his entire satisfaction, that she was a perfect lady, with Boston affiliations; that she had even known his family—and him—in their childhood. She, like Rhoda Gale, had studied at Zurich and at Vienna.

"I was at Vassar," said the doctor quietly.

"I have seen educated women before, though you mightn't think it," said Yorke. "My mother had them at the house sometimes. I never saw one like you. . . . You never shrink, never want to give up."

"It was hard sometimes in the foreign lecture rooms, among the men. They were very courteous to me. But they could not make it easy. I never saw a woman rudely treated but once; that was her own fault. Then the dissecting room was a trial to me at first."

"Did you ever have a man for a patient before?"

"Oh, yes. But I do not desire it. It will sometimes happen. Most of my patients are women and children. That is as I prefer it."

"Did you ever treat a young man—a fellow like me?"

"Certainly not."

"I should never have known but that you have them every day."

"And why should you!" she answered coolly, and left him without another word.

With the daring of the female novelist Miss Phelps offers for discussion between her hero and heroine the case of "a poor girl," and one feels young Mr. Yorke's coincident shock and interest at being able to discuss such a social question with a young woman of his day. He is, in fact, fascinated with the novelty of it. Later he assists Dr. Zay in forcing a marriage between this poor girl and her reluctant betrayer, and, this far-reaching piece of doubtful morality accomplished, he makes his first social call upon the doctor. He finds her in a feminine gown of violet muslin, trimmed with fluttering ribbons and bits of lace, and when he comments admiringly upon the change from professional attire, she blushes with vexation. "I do not wear such things," she says. "I do not respect

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them. I feel as if I ought to apologise to ideal womanhood every time I cumber my feet and other people's in this way."

Then she adds that the day is warm and the violet muslin is the coolest thing she has. And Miss Phelps comments that it no more occurred to the young man that there was a remote touch of coquetry in the coincidence of his call and the violet muslin, than it did to the lady that he might think so. But this is, of course, nothing more than a bit of mid-Victorian finessing between the gentleman, the lady, and Miss Phelps's highest ideals, and merely goes to show what has been noted before, that "advanced women" must explain why they do not dress like gentlemanly males.

As befits, perhaps, a medical novel, Mr. Yorke's early attempts at courting Dr. Zay tend more to the pathological than the romantic. Dr. Zay, of course, revolts against anything lesser than the perfect marriage, and doubts if this can be that. Yorke wishes to discuss the possibilities in the case. "It only wastes nerve fibre," says Dr. Zay. "Can you give me nothing?" he finally cries passionately. "Nothing that you would care for," says Dr. Zay patiently. "Men do not value a woman's friendship. They do not understand it. They do not know what to do with it." So she sends him away, telling him that what he needs is "absolute separation from all this pathological sentiment and the exciting cause of it."

But in proving her fine point, that Dr. Zay, though a doctress, is refined, womanly, a lady, Miss Phelps errs with most of her contemporary creators of this then new type, and proves too much. The line between the ever-womanly and the martyr is, at best, all too thin, and when Doctress Zay surrenders finally to love, "an incident in human life," it is with the captive's air of surrendering all for it. One feels that Dr. Zay vanishes into Mrs. Waldo Yorke, though this transformation is distinctly not the author's desire or intention.

IV

Helen Brent, M.D., appeared anonymously in 1892, and she is as much of a lady as any of her predecessors, always excepting the somewhat militant and boisterous Doctress Rhoda Gale. "To look at her," says the author apologetically and pridefully, "you would never suspect she was guilty of having graduated from a co-educational college, or of having served as the only woman interne in the Fudge Hospital, or of having gone to Germany alone and braved the medical lions in their dens, or of having been the only woman that the great and only Professor Schwetterberger had consented to instruct, and of having, on her return to America, performed difficult gynecological operations, the success of which had interested the entire medical profession — operations that required nerve, coolness, daring, skill, a steady hand and a delicate one; and when they were over she had never been known either to faint or go into hysterics." She was a very amiable, handsome woman, "surely not past thirty," and very tastefully and quietly dressed.

Now Helen Brent loved Harold Skidmore, but Harold broke their engagement when she took her doctor's degree. For Harold held that love meant giving up "all"—and at this point we begin to suspect that this anonymous novel is written by a woman with a mission to prove that also for women, love is not "all." Helen is willing to compromise by limiting her work to consultations and operations only. "But Harold shuddered to think of his wife coming to him fresh from performing an operation, smelling of ether and carbolic acid." Helen promised him in addition a perfectly managed house, even though she was not to be the brewer of its household yeast and the baker of its daily bread. But Harold held stubbornly to his former views, and she realised sadly, as she handed him back his ring, that "there is nothing for women to do to help on the solution of this great problem of marriage. The change must come from the men. They must be educated to allow

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greater liberty of thought and action in their wives, to seek in them companionship in marriage, not merely physical gratification."

Harold is badly educated, however, for marriage with the New Woman, and he marries a less granite-like type, who in the end makes a runaway match with a notorious rake, while Dr. Brent climbs high in her profession, and, in her domestic solitude, enjoys "a peaceful reading of the career or Dorothea Dix or Mary Summerville, or Margaret Fuller, of some woman that had nobly lived up to some definite purpose, some great life work. Incidentally she encounters in her practice among the other characters of the novel, cases that gave her more than sufficient data for a Brieux play, and like most of these self-conscious rebel heroines, she blames man too much. After the Skidmore elopement, however, she receives a letter from Harold, who forecasts that not now, but some day "will come knocking at your door a broken Harold; as a suppliant will he come, hat off, eyes lowered, kneeling in the dust." Alas, the latter state of Harold is more noxious than the first.

Rudyard Kipling does full justice to the wittiest woman in India, and to the baddest woman anywhere. But to the young girl, and to the mediocre or aspiring female generally he is merciless. It is rather interesting, therefore, to find, in Kate Sheriff of *The Naulahka,* a girl of 1890, who, if she had dared parental authority and studied medicine instead of nursing merely, would quite likely have made a really human doctor. Rather evidently, too, Kate succumbed less to her parents than to her literary creators.

The life at the training school was a cruel disillusionment. . . . She had hoped to befriend misery, to bring help and healing to pain. . . . What she was actually set to do was to scald babies' milk cans. . . . The talk of the Arkansas girl who sat on the table and swung her legs while she talked of her flirtations with the young doctors at the clinics seemed in itself sometimes a final discouragement. The repulsive aspects of nursing did not discourage her, and the surgical operations seemed good to her because they allowed her to help a little.

But Kate and Nick Tarvin re-argue the same old arguments: "Suppose I ask *you* to give up the centre and meaning of *your* life. And suppose I offered in exchange—marriage! What man would pay that price for it!" demands Kate. To which Tarvin, grandly: "Oh, look here, a man isn't an orphan asylum or a home for the friendless. It's just a general agreement to drink your coffee with him in the morning, and be somewhere around, not too far from the fire, in a not too ugly dress, when he comes home in the evening. It's an easy contract."

So Kate goes to India, and establishes herself in the hospital at Rhatore. And when, after an enormous expenditure of energy and moneys, her hospital empties and its patients flee away, the dishonoured Queen calls her to the palace to tell her why: according to the Indian Queen—and the English Kipling—it is because: "Little sister, with us women it is thus and no other way. From all except such as have borne a child the world is hid. How couldst thou understand life that never gave it. . . . To-day the hospital broke from under thee, and the women went out, one by one. And what didst thou say to them? Upon what would a maiden call to bring wavering women back again? There was no child in thy arms. The mother look was not in thy eyes. By what magic wouldst thou speak to women? Thou hast given thy life to the helping of women. Little sister, when wilt thou also be a woman?"

Overwhelmed by the logic of this ever-prisoned Queen, Kate also gives up her career and goes back with Nick Tarvin to Topaz, America.

Dr. Janet of Harley Street, published early in the nineties by Arabella Kenealy, is the story of a thoroughly gentlemanly lady doctor. She has "the heart of a

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woman," "the mind of a man," and the dress of the prehistoric among advanced females. She was "a middle-aged, genial-looking woman, of a height and figure whose ample proportions she made no effort to disguise by dress." She wore loosely fitting tweeds—not a dress, but a garb; for the skirt was "divided," and the "bodice" was fashioned after the pattern of a man's shooting coat. Her forehead, chin, hands, and nose were large and massive. Her will was firm, and her temper fiery. "Of no particular politics, her social ethics were inherently radical. She gave precedence to none!" On her list of patients she had royalties, and she dared keep them waiting upon "an humble tradesman's wife" whose babies were ailing. She found a protégé in Phyllis Eve, a seventeen-year-old girl, who had run away an hour after her marriage to the wealthy and vicious Marquis de Richeville, and by one of those happy chances of fiction came into Dr. Janet Doyle's hospital. Dr. Janet seized upon her as fit material to prove "what the woman-mind," properly educated, would bring to materialistic science. Herself she proclaims loudly as of "neuter-nature." "It would not be polite," she said once, "to point out the masculine massiveness of my head, my height, and breadth, and girth; my large broad hands, my masculine features and voice. I tell you, with but few exceptions, there is not a man in this room as muscular, rational, and energetic—in a word, what you call masculine—as I!"

So, with a divinely feminine logic, she seeks to keep Phyllis virgin, and, at the same time, fights against the development of the girl's "neuter-nature," as she puts her protégé's nose deep into medical books. Dr. Janet desires that Phyllis shall never forget that human nature is not circumscribed by anatomy and chemistry. She wishes Phyllis not to think "as men think." She hopes that Phyllis will bring to bear upon Nature's problems processes and modes of thought entirely "unmasculine." "As we shall when women have got over their first folly of aping!" she cries, striding strengthfully forth in her divided skirt, shooting coat, shirt front and billycock hat!

Yet one rather admires Dr. Janet, if for no other reason than for the advice she gives that wreck of manhood, the Marquis de Richeville, who finally finds Phyllis, and begins to interfere with the Mephistophelian acridity in her life. For Phyllis, who loves and lives at last, an English divorce is the only way out, and this divorce the Marquis refuses. Whereupon Dr. Janet calls upon him one evening and invites him to commit suicide. Seemingly rather stunned by the proposition, he acts upon it, and Dr. Janet endures a fleetingly feminine bit of repentance before she settles down to enjoy the sight of the happiness she has created. "I am a wicked woman!" she says. "But I thank God that he did it!"

As for that "woman-mind, properly educated," that Phyllis was to have brought to the rescue of "man-ridden science," Dr. Janet was doomed again to disappointment. For Phyllis, from the beginning, is so thoroughly feminine, so endowed by Nature herself with infinite capacity for octopus-armed affection and tender suffering, as to shatter all of her patron's hopes for the indelible impress of Phyllis's loving woman-mind upon medicine. Again, as in the case of Dr. Breen and Dr. Zay, alas!

By the beginning of the twentieth century the shouting and clamour over "lady doctresses" had died down. Since then women doctors have appeared now and then in fiction, but not so stridently, more humanly, less as personified arguments for or against a question thrust upon a reading world. After all, these early "lady doctresses" are not, perhaps, so inherently funny as the states of mind in which their authors created them.

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CRUIKSHANK IN AMERICA*

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I

THE recent presentation to Princeton of what has been known as the Meirs Collection (the gift of Richard Waln Meirs, of Philadelphia) has called attention to the extraordinary interest taken by American collectors in Cruikshankiana. By Cruikshankiana is meant first of all the productions of George Cruikshank, and incidentally the work of his father, Isaac Cruikshank, and of his brother, Robert Cruikshank. This interest is not a matter of the moment; for the past twenty years it has been growing steadily. It cannot be explained entirely by the collector's joy in the possession of the unusual, for Cruikshankiana exists on such a vast scale—George Cruikshank lived to such a ripe old age and worked with such steady rapidity—that very little of it can be regarded as rare. What then is the bond connecting Cruikshank with a country that he never visited and with a people that he never satirised? Is it the man himself, his peculiar personality, the men with whom he was associated in the capacity of illustrator, Byron, Dickens, Ainsworth and the rest, or was it that curious London of which he was so long the pictorial historian. Perhaps a combination of all.

In 1840 Thackeray contributed to the *Westminster Review* "An Essay on the Genius of George Cruikshank." Despite all that has been written by later critics and appreciaters that paper remains the last summing up of Cruikshank's work. All roads lead to it in an estimate of the man's achievement. Yet Thackeray saw nothing strange in the London of the time, nothing grotesque in its foul, crooked alleys, and its whimsical characters as they were depicted by Cruikshank's pencil. The London of Tom and Jerry and Corinthian Kate had not greatly changed from the London which Hogarth depicted in his sketches of Beer Lane and Gin Alley. Elsewhere Thackeray wrote something to the effect that the average Englishman of the eighteenth century would be quite as much out of place at an English dinner table of the first years of Queen Victoria's reign as would an ancient Briton. He did not paint himself blue, he clothed himself into a resemblance of a normal being, but his deportment, his open allusions to the elemental facts of physical life, and his manner of expressing himself would have placed him as much beyond the pale as a Fiji Islander. Yet to the eyes of 1916 the London man-about-town of the Regency and of the reigns of George IV and William IV—the Sir Mulberry Hawk of Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby*, or the Harry Foker of Thackeray's *Pendennis*—seems quite as impossible as any Yorkshire squire of the years when the House of Hanover was first called to the English throne.

Four names are linked together in the

*The collection contains eight hundred and ninety-four volumes and six hundred and ninety-five engravings, sketches and paintings, besides a considerable amount of autographed manuscript correspondence. Mr. Meirs began collecting Cruikshankiana while still a Princeton undergraduate and has been adding to the collection ever since. He has been replacing copies of the books with copies in the most perfect condition until the collection by far the best of its kind in America, is now considerred to be as nearly perfect as money and a collector's thorough knowledge and constant interest can make it. The world in general never thinks of George Cruikshank as a painter. Yet to be a painter was his ambition. Here are the evidences in such oil paintings as "A Mother's Love," "Jesus Entering Jerusalem," "The Village Inn," "The Birth of Aphrodite," and "The Pirate Merchantman and the Man-of-War."

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THE TRIUMPH OF CUPID—THE FIRST PLATE FOR "THE TABLE BOOK" ETCHED BY CRUIKSHANK IN 1845. THE COLLECTION HAS ONE OF THE FINEST COPIES. IN ORIGINAL PARTS AS ISSUED FROM JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1845. (FROM AN ENGLISH SOURCE.)

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AND NOW THE TURNPIKE GATES AGAIN FLEW OPEN IN SHORT SPACE, THE TOLL-MEN THINKING AS BEFORE THAT GILPIN RODE A RACE
THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN (1828). THIS ILLUSTRATION IS ONE OF A SET OF SIX SPIRITED WOOD-ENGRAVINGS. PRINCETON HAS A SET OF BRILLIANT INDIA PROOFS ON LARGE PAPER. (FROM AN ENGLISH COLLECTION.) ALSO A NUMBER OF ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY CRUIKSHANK OF HORSES BEARING THE CLINGING FIGURE OF JOHN GILPIN IN FLIGHT. (RICHARDSON COLLECTION.)

history of British caricature and comic art—those of Hogarth, Rowlandson, Gillray, and Cruikshank. Cruikshank was the last, and the inheritor from the other three. After him the tone and the method of English caricature changed. If the eighteenth century clung to his work, remember that he was born eight years before that century came to its close. The world in which he grew up had been but little softened since the days of the "Rake's Progress" and "Marriage à la mode." The language which Fielding had put into the mouth of Squire Western was still the language of the average provincial squire, whether he came from the Yorkshire West Riding, or from Cornwall. Still were rogues brought publicly to justice and felon corpses dangled from gibbets, stark against the sky. Perhaps in the London through which Cruikshank roamed in search of his types conditions were slightly ameliorated. Perhaps Gin Lane and Beer Alley were a little better than they were in Hogarth's day. But it was the same sermon, inspired by practically the same conditions that Cruikshank preached in "The Bottle," and its sequel, "The Drunkard's Children." Then there was the influence of Gillray. It was the influence of a madman, and if that madness never clouded Cruikshank's brain, at least a little of it crept into his pencil. But after all, was not all that society just a little unbalanced? In contemplating it does there not come the thought that it would have been improved by being put away for six months' repose and quiet care in some *maison de santé?*

Eccentric seem the postures of the men and women of Cruikshank's work; but eccentric was the age. England, grappling for life in the struggle with the Corsican, forgot temporarily the danger if a battle between two famous bruisers was pending on Moulsey Hurst. The names of the warriors of sea and land—the Nelsons and the Wellingtons —were little better known than the names of Jem Belcher, and Joe Berks,

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"LIFE OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF." (1858). THE PRINT REPRESENTS "THE LAST SCENE IN THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF"—ETCHING. HENRY V, ACT 2ND, SCENE 3RD. THE PRINCETON COLLECTION HAS A COPY IN ORIGINAL PARTS—WITH 20 SIMILAR ETCHINGS AND A FULL PAGE WOODCUT; ALSO A COPY AS IT WAS AFTERWARD ISSUED IN ORIGINAL CRIMSON CLOTH IN WHICH AN ORIGINAL A. L. S. OF CRUIKSHANK IS INSERTED. IN ADDITION TO THESE THERE IS A MOST INTERESTING ORIGINAL PROOF FRONTISPIECE UPON WHICH CRUIKSHANK HIMSELF HAS WORKED BEARING HIS SIGNATURE AND WITH HIS ORIGINAL IDEA FOR THE LINE OF PUBLICATION. THIS CAME FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. CRUIKSHANK'S EXECUTOR. PRINCETON HAS ALSO TWO ORIGINAL WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS FOR PLATES TO FALSTAFF AND A PAGE OF ORIGINAL SKETCHES

and Hen Pearce, the Game Chicken, and Gentleman Jackson, and Mendoza of Houndsditch. An affectation, the more absurd the better, counted more for social advancement than wit, or learning, or breeding. The preposterous fribble Brummel was the supreme expression of the age. This nobleman was famous for his ability to imitate the crow of a cock; that one through an assumption of absent mindedness which made him utter the most dreadful personalities about people to their very faces, a third because of his habit of hopping from chair to chair in a drawing-room. The bearer of a great name was applauded when he married the mistress of Jack the Highwayman after Jack had paid the penalty for his adventurous life on the gallows. The American visitor to London may have the good fortune of being introduced to Brookes and Whites, two clubs that flourished when London was Corinthian. The old books in which bets were recorded are still to be seen. Read them over. They illuminate the spirit of the age. Lord X wagers a thousand guineas with Lord Y that he will walk on his hands from Charing Cross in the space of three-quarters of an hour. Failing to do so Lord X will depilate himself. Colonel A bets the Honorable Mr. B that the Duchess of C will have red-headed twins within twelve months.

II

In the history of Cruikshankiana there are three great names, those of Bruton, Douglas, and Truman. But these three collections have been dispersed and have found their way largely to the

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"MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI" LONDON, 1838. 2 VOLS. ILLUSTRATION "THE WAGER" TO VOLUME I. THE COLLECTION HAS A BEAUTIFUL COPY WITH COMPLETE SERIES OF PLATES BY CRUIKSHANK IN ORIGINAL PINK CLOTH. A FIRST ISSUE; ALSO AN ORIGINAL WATER COLOUR DRAWING FOR GRIMALDI—UNPUBLISHED

United States. As a result probably in no place, with the exception of the British Museum, can George Cruikshank be so well seen as in the Meirs collection in the library of Princeton University. In view of the scope of that collection, and the necessary limitations of a magazine article, the writer will confine himself to a discussion of a few of the treasures. By Americans Cruikshank has been regarded first of all as an illustrator, so it is fitting to begin with his first venture in this field. In 1820 appeared the famous *Life in London.* It was by Pierce Egan, an Irishman, who, in addition to his descriptions of the adventures of Tom and Jerry and Logic, and Corinthian Tom and Corinthian Kate, wrote voluminously, and in a most deplorable style, about the English prize ring. Thackeray, writing in 1840, said of it: "Tom and Jerry were as popular twenty years since as Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller now are; and often have we wished while reading the biographies of the latter celebrated personages that they had been described as well by Mr. Cruikshank's pencil as by Mr. Dickens's pen." The thirty-six etchings illustrating *Life in London* were the joint work of Cruikshank and his brother. Frederic Stephens, in his memoir of George

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THE FAMOUS ("OR INFAMOUS!!") BILL SYKES ATTEMPTING TO DESTROY HIS DOG, *ISSUED IN VOLUME III OF "OLIVER TWIST," WHICH ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN 1838*, 12MO. 3 VOLS. A NEW EDITION IN MONTHLY PARTS CAME OUT IN 1846; AND THIS ILLUSTRATION WAS USED AGAIN. IN THE MEIRS COLLECTION AT PRINCETON THERE IS A FINE COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION IN ORIGINAL CLOTH. ALSO AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE COPY OF THE 1846 ISSUE IN PARTS FROM THE FINE LIBRARY OF STEPHEN GEORGE HOLLAND (ENGLISH)

Cruikshank, dismisses them with slight mention, holding the opinion that the artist's peculiar genius in a melodramatic vein reached its acme two years later, when the famous illustrations to *Peter Schlemihl,* eight in number, were published with almost universal applause. In the same year appeared the illustrations to Grimm's *Popular Stories.* Like *Peter Schlemihl* they attained the extremely rare distinction of being republished in Germany with the original text. Such an honour had been vouchsafed earlier to Hogarth. The Meirs collection contains *Life in London* in the original parts, and also, in original parts, the best *Grimm's Fairy Tales* in existence.

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AN EARLY WORK OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK FROM A SKETCH BY ISAAC—HIS FATHER,—ABOUT 1803. THERE IS A FINE COLOURED COPY IN THE PRINCETON COLLECTION. (FROM AN ENGLISH COLLECTION)

It was not long before Cruikshank came to be generally recognised as the best illustrator to be found in books, particularly of humourous books. As a result the amount of work that he did in this one line of book illustration, in the quarter century from 1830 to 1855, is astonishing. In the year 1831, for example, the "Novelists' Library," or at least the greater part of it was published. It included Smollett's *Roderick Random,* Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield,* Fielding's *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrew* and Cervantes's *Don Quixote.* In that year about one hundred and seventy-five designs of Cruikshank were published for the first time. Then came the work on the books of Ainsworth and Scott. Mr. Russell Sturgis, in an estimate of Cruikshank's work, took the stand that it is disappointing to find so much of Cruikshank's best efforts spent upon books which, from their very nature, cannot have much permanent value. He had Harrison Ainsworth in mind. "Consider Ainsworth's dreary stories," he wrote. "Perfect desert wastes of literature; a New York critic, writing about Jules Verne's *The Mysterious Island,* said the mysterious part about it was that anybody should buy it and read it; and indeed, it is pretty long and wordy and slow; but it is of absorbing interest and condensed beauty in comparison with *Rookwood* or *Jack Shephard.* How a Newgate novel can be made so dull passes comprehension. The story of *Rookwood* creeps."

Then came the brief association with Dickens. First there were the illustrations for *Sketches by Boz* and then for *Oliver Twist.* There were twenty-five etchings for the latter book, and Mr. Stephens characterises them as incomparable. In producing them, he says: "The artist gave solidity to the creations of his author, and brought to life Fagin the Jew, that immortal scamp, the 'Artful Dodger'; that beadle of beadles, Mr. Bumble. In Bill Sykes he outdid himself, and produced a portrait so vigourous, true and original, that, as it seems to me, all the world agrees to accept it as decidedly Cruikshank's master work." There is a story connected with the particular plate known as the fireside scene, in which Rose Maylie and Oliver are seated before an open grate. Dickens did not see this plate until the work was on the eve of publication, and then objected to it so strongly that it had to be cancelled. The publication of the

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FROM CRUIKSHANK'S GERMAN POPULAR STORIES, OF WHICH THE COLLECTION HAS A VERY FINE COPY IN ORIGINAL BOARDS, FIRST ISSUE, 2 VOLS. 1823-26. THIS HAS BEEN CALLED "THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF ALL CRUIKSHANK'S WORKS." THIS COPY WAS AN ORIGINAL SUBSCRIBERS' COPY AND HAS INSERTED A LETTER IN THE AUTOGRAPH OF CRUIKSHANK TO ROBINS, THE PUBLISHER OF VOL. II. THIS IS A DIFFICULT BOOK FOR THE COLLECTOR TO FIND IN FIRST ISSUE STATE AND IS PARTICULARLY DESIRABLE IN ORIGINAL BOARDS (AS IS THE PRESENT COPY). MR. MEIRS HAS ALSO PRESENTED PRINCETON WITH A FINE SECOND EDITION OF GRIMM'S IN ORIGINAL BOARDS. THIS IS THE H. W. BRUTON COPY WITH HIS SIGNATURE ON THE FLY-LEAF. BRUTON CONSIDERED IT TO BE THE SECOND ISSUE OF THE FIRST EDITION, BUT THE DIFFERENCES FROM THE TRUE FIRST ISSUE PROVE IT TO BE THE SECOND EDITION. THERE IS ALSO A COPY OF THE HOTTEN EDITION OF GERMAN POPULAR STORIES (CIRCA 1868). THIS CONTAINS FINE REPRODUCTIONS OF THE ETCHINGS AND AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN RUSKIN,—WHO BY HIS FAVOURABLE CRITICISM, DREW THE ATTENTION OF MULTITUDES TO THIS BOOK. ALSO THE COMPLETE SET OF TWENTY-TWO ETCHINGS BY CRUIKSHANK FOR GRIMM'S. PROOFS ON INDIA PAPER, SOME IN AN UNDIVIDED STATE. ALSO AN INTERESTING FRENCH BOOK—"VIEUX CONTES, POUR L'AMUSEMENT DES GRANDS ET DES PETITS ENFANTS (PARIS, 1830). HERE TWELVE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS FOR GRIMM'S ARE RE-ENGRAVED—(COPIES BY TARDIEU AND ISSUED AS HIS OWN PRODUCTIONS). ALSO ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY CRUIKSHANK FOR GRIMM'S—YOUNG GIANT AND THE TAILOR CHERRY, OR THE FROG'S BRIDE

book could not, of course, be delayed; so copies with the objectionable plate were distributed until the new one could be prepared and printed.* Cruikshank worked hard over the rejected plate, but to no purpose. For the fireside scene was substituted a plate representing Rose Maylie and Oliver at Agnes's tomb. In 1838 appeared *Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi*, edited by Dickens. To this work Cruikshank contributed twelve etchings. It was the last work in which the names of the novelist and of the artist were linked.

*Far more serious was the actual blunder that John Leech made in illustrating Dickens's *The Battle of Life*. The early part of the plot of that tale leads the reader to suppose that Marion Jeddler had eloped with Michael Warden, when, as a matter of fact, she had merely escaped to her aunt. Leech, who was engaged as illustrator, was very busy, and read only so much of the story as seemed necessary for his purpose. As a result he was deceived, as Dickens intended his readers should be, and designed a double illustration, in which the festivities to welcome the bridegroom at the top of the page contrast with the flight of the bride in company with Michael Warden beneath. This episode is generally referred to as "Leech's grave mistake." Dickens wrote to Forster: "When I first saw it it was with a horror and agony not to be expressed."

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THEATRICAL ATLAS. MAY 7, 1814. H. HUMPHREY. A FINE COLOURED COPY HAVING A FULL MARGIN IN SUPERB STATE. FROM THE BRUTON COLLECTION. AT THE BOTTOM OF PLATE, BRUTON HAS WRITTEN IN PENCIL: "VERY RARE, THIS WAS G. CK.'S OWN COPY. W. H. B." MR. BRUTON PURCHASED IT FROM MRS. CRUIKSHANK. ON BACK OF PLATE IS WRITTEN IN PENCIL "BOUGHT OF MRS. CRUIKSHANK, JANUARY 28, 1884." THIS IS ONE OF THE RAREST OF CRUIKSHANK CARICATURES. THE BRUTON COLLECTION WAS DISPERSED AT AUCTION IN 1897

In his work on the Waverley novels Cruikshank was not at his best. He was a Londoner, and it needed a Scotchman to give the embodied form of Major Dalgetty or of Dandie Dinmont. But if he was not so successful with Highland types, Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft* gave him the earliest opportunity he enjoyed of dealing with a sequence of subjects in which the grotesque and passionate aspects of superstition were made manifest in designs, the quaintest, most spirited, and picturesquely wild. But by far best of all are the etchings for children's books—the German nursery tales, and the "Fairy Library," which came out in 1854 and 1857. "Of all the artists that ever drew," wrote Thackeray, "from Michael Angelo upward and downward, Cruikshank was the man to illustrate these tales, and give them just the proper admixture of the grotesque, the wonderful, and the graceful. May all Mother Bunch's collection be similarly indebted to him, may 'Jack the Giant Killer,' may 'Tom Thumb,' may 'Pus in Boots' be one day revivified by his pencil. Is not Whittington, sitting yet on Highgate Hill, and poor Cinderella (in that sweetest of all fairy stories) still pining in her lonely chimney nook? A man who has true affection for these delightful companions of his youth is bound to

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"THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" FROM HONE'S TRACTS. PRINCETON HAS A LARGE COLLECTION OF HONE'S TRACTS, ALL OF A POLITICAL NATURE. THESE WERE ALSO ACQUIRED FROM AN ENGLISH COLLECTION

be grateful to them if he can, and we pray Mr. Cruikshank to remember them."

III

So much for Cruikshank the illustrator. Now for Cruikshank the man, the reformer, the castigator of the vices and the weaknesses of his time. The secret of his marvelous production can be summed up in one word, impecuniosity. As prodigal as Balzac, and in many respects as visionary, he was always borrowing, always in debt. As early as 1803, when he was eleven years old, he was etching a sketch by his father, called "Facing the Enemy." When he died, in 1878, he was still actually in harness. Thus his working life covered a span of five and seventy years. Though always in more or less straightened circumstances he never suffered from actual poverty, until he had far passed middle life. Then work went to younger hands than his; the taste of the day had changed—his particular market was gone. Perhaps he himself was in a measure to blame. His over-sensitive temper and impatient nature led him into predicaments which could have been easily avoided. He quarrelled with Dickens, Ainsworth, and others with whom he should have worked harmoniously. He fell out with publishers, some of whom he suspected of attempts to overreach him or undervalue his art. Even as an advocate of temperance he was intemperate. In "The Bottle" and "The Drunkard's Children" he carried on the work of Hogarth. These pictorial preachments were the result of a change in his own habits. For almost fifty years he had been a good liver; in 1842 he gave up every kind of alcoholic stimulant, threw away his pipe and

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smoked no more. No one quarrelled with him for this reason. It was his own affair. But his passion for temperance became a fanaticism which alienated friends and lost him employment. Yet he found compensation in a wonderfully vigourous old age. He was seen to dance a hornpipe when more than eighty years old; and until quite late in life he walked like a man still young.

He was unquestionably right in his denunciation of the evils of drink. The England of his later life was far better than the England of his youth, but the sermons were still needed. Yet the spectacle of a man who has enjoyed to the full his own years of conviviality turned scold is never quite a pleasant one. Better it is to think of him in the hot hearted days of his young manhood, taking up the cudgels in behalf of the poor little ill-treated wife of George the Fourth. It matters not what the full truth may have been. Very likely there had been more than indiscretion on the part of Queen Caroline. It was enough to know the earlier stories about poor Perdita and her successors; to know that George had gone through the marriage ceremony when in his cups, that from the very first he had been more than neglectful and unkind. "When he levelled his wit against the Regent," wrote Thackeray, "and did his very prettiest for the Princess, he most certainly believed, along with the great body of people, that the Princess was the most spotless, pure-mannered darling of a princess that ever married a heartless debauchee of a Prince Royal. Did not millions believe with him, and noble and learned lords take their oaths to her Royal Highness's innocence? Cruikshank could not stand by and see a woman ill used, and so struck in for her rescue, he and the people belabouring with all their might the party who were making the attack, and determining, from pure sympathy and indignation, that the woman must be innocent because her husband treated her so foully."

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I-II

Ford Madox Hueffer's "Henry James." J. Middleton Murry's "Fyodor Dostoevsky"*

To the uniform edition of "critical studies," which include Synge, Ibsen, Hardy, Pater, Whitman, Gissing, Bridges and Swinburne, there are now added Ford Madox Hueffer's *Henry James* and J. Middleton Murry's *Fyodor Dostoevsky*.

Quite aside from the marked and respective merits of these two volumes they are interesting revelations of different methods of critical approach—as different, in fact, as the two novelists themselves. Mr. Hueffer has not ventured to be too profound. He has preferred to win tribute by a casual chatty series of comments and contrasts over the whole field of literature. Inspired by a real admiration for the "un-Americanised American," whom he places among "the greatest of living writers," he is inclined to deprecate his own criticism by criticising it. His attitude is continually apologetic. He cannot help but feel that Mr. James was his own best critic, and hence Mr. Hueffer's pages are full of quotations. He calls his book an impression and he must therefore speak continually of his own reactions in reading the author of *What Maisie Knew*. He admits the writing of the book proved a most thankless task because he has had to write about "his subject's subjects," and his message. He

*Henry James. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.
Fyodor Dostoevsky. By J. Middleton Murry. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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asks whether subjects have anything to do with criticism since tastes differ and it all resolves itself to a mere statement of preferences. Criticism has more to do with an author's methods—and Mr. Hueffer balks again when confronted with that analysis. Of course, it must not even be hinted that this brilliant Englishman lives up to his own restrictions. He is at considerable pains to devote many pages to these very subjects. As a result he has given us a study which if at times marred by his own flippant attitude toward himself, yet is illuminating—not with heterodox opinions but with a fine interpretation of Mr. James's appeal to him. Especially compelling, among other attractions of style and beauty, is Mr. James's impersonal attitude toward life.

> Now God forbid that I should be held as saying that any of our eloquent Chancellors, Fabian Pamphleteers, earnest and humanitarian novelists or upholders of the fuedal system are wrong. They are probably every one of them absolutely in the right, and each of them would be the infallible saviour of Society if only Society would listen to them, or if human nature could be kept from creeping in. But the point is that each and every one of them is a partisan . . . every "figure" in the world is a partisan. Even Anatole France, who is a great, clear and negational intellect, is an anti-religious Socialist, and to that end colours all his writings, observing like any other politician only that which he desires to observe. Mr. James alone, it seems to me, in this entire weltering universe, has kept his head, has bestowed his sympathies upon no human being and upon no cause, has remained an observer, passionless and pitiless like the narrator of *The Four Meetings*. As a writer, he has no more sympathy for chivalrous feelings than for the starving poor. He just sits on high, smiling his sardonic smile and exclaiming from time to time: "Poor, dear, old world."

This quotation will sufficiently point Mr. Hueffer's manner and method, even though a little later he is at pains to say that Mr. James did have one great mission: "the civilising of America." Thus while the book is full of contradictions it has decided interest because it hits what it aims at: it is an impression of one of the greatest of Impressionists. Incidentally it contains an appendix in which is made accessible various revisions which Mr. James made in later years, revealing his change in style since the initial creation.

Mr. Murry, on the other hand, has approached Dostoevsky with an air of reverance. Disdaining only the slightest biographical reference, he has penetrated into the spiritual aspects of the author of *Crime and Punishment* with the result that his study is in many ways the most profound which the great Russian has inspired. While it lacks the charm of Mr. Paul's analysis, partly due to the rigidity with which it clings to its critical premise, it is a volume which will appeal to the more diligent of Dostoevsky's admirers. Its very profundity may tend to warn prospective readers away from the Russian, since at times one feels Mr. Murry has read into Dostoevsky more than the author himself intended. But this is ever the fault of such a study where each fact is bent to build a thesis.

There is nothing comparative in Mr. Murry's method nor is little attention paid to a purely literary criticism. It is not in form but in thought and spirit that Dostoevsky is an influence, and as the author pointed out himself, it is only through a close reading of his works that his thought can be comprehended. Dostoevsky is fundamentally the dramatiser of abstract thought in terms of fiction. His works alone explain his life since his real life was one of imagination. Therefore Mr. Murry is little concerned with external facts as Dostoevsky existed more "truly as an idea than as a man." Upon this premise, that he was "more a brooding mind than a human being," this study is essentially concerned with his spiritual evolution as expressed in his successive creations. It is a bit startling to learn that Dostoevsky was not a novelist since his books —beginning with *Crime and Punish-*

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ment—cannot be regarded as human histories, for though his symbolic figures "are real and human, their reality and humanity no more belong to the active world." Without analysing, in this brief notice, all the subtle distinctions which Mr. Murry advances to prove his contention, one may point to this as a general comment on the extreme heresy of most of his opinions. One quotation in this connection will be indicative:

> Therefore he could not represent life. For a man who is obsessed by this awful and tremendous vision (of eternity) to represent life is impossible. It is an activity which demands a fundamental acceptance of life. But how should a man whose eye saw life only too often as something which was cold and dead and infinitely small represent life? It was to him a mere mockery, and to represent it a barren labour. How could he busy himself with delineating that which at moments he believed did not exist, in recording words which became suddenly lost in the silence of eternity? That large acceptance of life which is with the novelist an instinct was for Dostoevsky something which he must profoundly question. Faith in life was what he sought; it was not given to him. And the motive of his work was not to represent life, but somehow to justify it.

Mr. Murry then proceeds to analyse in detail the various characters which personalise this effort of Dostoevsky to "justify life." *Crime and Punishment* is the first of his great books. Here the Russian is, for the first time, beginning to doubt the law, and to wander from the side of the good. And in Svidrigailov, he presents a man who dares to face life alone and measure his individual will against all things. Mr. Murry claims that this character was the first which Dostoevsky sent to battle as a symbol of his own passionate denial of God. In *The Idiot* the same fight is carried on by Myshkin. This character personifies the will to suffer, whereas Svidrigailov had been shattered by the will to action. In *The Possessed,* Stavrogin is will incarnate. Not till Aloysha in *The Brothers Karamazov* does Dostoevsky find the answer in a perfect character who is the promise of all humanity, "for whom the old problems are solved by his very being and are not." For Dostoevsky believed that the regeneration of mankind lay in a miracle.

To those who have followed the translations of Mrs. Garnett as they have appeared, Dostoevsky offers many more attractions than this purely spiritual side which Mr. Murry presents with such minute persistency. That it is possible to write so profound a book about him is only another evidence of the Russian's many sidedness which has given him his place among the greatest of writers.

George Middleton.

III

Mary Fels's "Life of Joseph Fels"*

In her biography of Joseph Fels, Mrs. Fels relates, toward the end of the book, an incident which is so interpretative that one almost feels it should be read as a preface to the story of his life and work. Mr. Fels had heard that the Crown Prince of Denmark was interested in land reform, and had endeavoured to meet him; but, owing to the complications of official red tape, he left Denmark without securing the interview. The Crown Prince, however, chanced to be on the same ferry-boat leaving Copenhagen.

> Seeing the Crown Prince on the deck surrounded by those in attendance, Joseph Fels does not think of himself either brazenly or modestly, but thinking only of the work to help humanity, and knowing the Crown Prince had expressed an interest in that work, he leaves his own group, walks straight through the royal party up to the Crown Prince of Denmark, holds out his hand, and with a smile so winning that no one could see it and be umoved, says, "How do you do, Crown Prince, I am Joseph Fels, interested in bringing the land and the people together." Amazement on the part of

*Joseph Fels: His Life-Work. By Mary Fels. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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his own friends, consternation and surprise on the part of the Crown Prince's suite have no effect on either. Man meets man, and those who knew Joseph Fels are glad that the Crown Prince rose to his level, held out his hand, walked away with him for a two hours' conversation on problems bigger than the breaking of conventional forms.

This directness of purpose and utter unconsciousness of conventional barriers in the furtherance of his efforts to secure a larger sum of comfort and freedom for the mass of humanity was characteristic of the whole life and work of Joseph Fels. He was representative of that amazing combination of qualities found most frequently among his race; a singular mastery of material affairs which enabled him to acquire his great fortune, but impelled by an almost fanatic idealism in redistributing that wealth constructively for the freeing and betterment of humankind. He once said of himself: "I am two men. With my right hand I can skin a man for five cents, while with my left hand I can give away five thousand dollars." In reading his life, which is written with an impersonality and integrity of vision seldom achieved by an author so closely related to the subject, one feels that after he had once acquired his fortune this must have been about the proportion in which his left and right hands worked.

In the entire book there are only two personal chapters regarding Mr. Fels. The first chapter sketches very briefly his early life and business career. The last chapter offers a vivid picture of the man's remarkable individuality. The rest of the volume is devoted to his constructive social work. And one senses that this proportion is quite as Joseph Fels himself would have wished it. The account of his activities reveals a man of amazing nervous energy who gave of himself and his keen intelligence quite as generously and wisely as he gave of his material resources.

Mr. Fels's evolution from semi-philanthropic to constructive economic and political reforms is an interesting study in the development of an idealist who was also a man of business genius. He rigourously applied the pragmatic test to all his social experimentation. And this led him early to abandon palliative philanthropic measures for more fundamental methods of reconstruction. As Mrs. Fels says:

> He conceived it to be a fundamentally mistaken policy to use the surplus good of each generation to repair the wastage that it wrought. His ambition was to make unnecessary the activities of charity, which in the course of time he came to hate. . . . He wanted more than a formula of benevolent regret.

Although he is generally known to the world as the Fels-Naphtha Single Taxer his activities in behalf of land taxation were not merely the outgrowth of his acceptance of the principles of Henry George. For many years he had believed in them, but regarded them as

> Too remote and difficult of achievement for one who wished to see concrete results growing, however slowly, under his own hand. . . . In the early days, like most others, he saw land monopoly and its remedy as a thing apart, for Utopian contemplation rather than for everyday work. . . . His final concentration on Single Tax was not some sudden revelation of a mystery that had been previously hidden. It came to him after long and careful inquiry, and manifold experiments. He had tried charitable work. He had supported almost every socialist and labour movement. He had attempted a colonising enterprise. Increasingly he had come to see how clearly the dearth of land lay at the root of social ills. It came to him slowly, but with the deep conviction that is born of intimate experience, that the cardinal principle in any declaration of social faith must be the destruction of the land monopoly. Everything else seemed to him but the establishment of fine superstructures upon a worthless basis of sand, and, as he once whimsically said, even for that rent had to be paid. He did not put forward Single Tax as a panacea. He had too much knowledge of the complexity of social life to be thus unintelligent. What he did in-

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sistently emphasise was the truth that the time for tinkering at our ills had gone by, that it was vital to set about building a new social structure. . . . It was the desire to recover the spirit of liberty that took possession of Henry George, and, in no less degree, of Joseph Fels.

This enthusiasm for recovering the spirit of liberty and his essential faith in democracy were the essential motivation of Joseph Fels's many activities. This it was that led him to assist so liberally the cause of Woman Suffrage and inspired his interest in the Jewish colonisation movement. Partly because he was a Jew perhaps, but more, I am inclined to think, because of his feeling for the unity of the human family, he regarded all his work from an international point of view, and had no sympathy with sectional improvement except as it might contribute to the whole. His refusal to limit his Single Tax activities to any rigid Smon-Pure propaganda channels sometimes irritated the more orthodox followers of Henry George. Quite undisturbed by this or any other criticism, however, Mr. Fels continued to forward the cause of liberty wherever he felt his efforts would be ultimately most effective. Thus he would assist the fight for the initiative and referendum because he felt that in many communities these measures would offer the necessary political machinery for the entering wedge of Single Tax. Or he would assist a publication if he felt it was contributing to the general democratisation of public thought, even though it might not directly espouse the cause of Single Tax.

The essential sympathy and common humanity of this great little man who frequently violated the established conventions and rode rough shod past all formalities to achieve the purpose of his faith is vividly illustrated in this incident.

One night at the dinner table a lady, a stranger to Mr. Fels in describing some one said, "He is not of our kind." Mr. Fels had not taken part in the conversation, but from the other end of a long table he quietly inquired, "Isn't everyone our kind?" It is creditable to the woman that this gentle rebuff made her his friend.

The life of Joseph Fels reveals a man of deep vision, an integrity of spirit, and continuity of dedicated social purpose which cannot but be a lasting factor in the more humane reconstruction, not only of the United States but of the world.

Fola La Follette.

IV

"The Mythology of All Races"*

The Mythology of All Races is the first attempt to bring within the radius of a series all that the title implies. We have many admirable volumes on the mythologies of particular peoples, as well as comprehensive studies tracing the development of similar myths through various races; but nothing so comprehensive as the very valuable books before us. Two volumes of the contemplated thirteen have now been published and they are indeed remarkable both on the score of scholarship and beauty of illustration. Further, the style in which they are written, though sufficiently in tune with the dignity of the subject, avoids technicalities which might otherwise have rendered the very scope of the series too ponderous.

Those who have been mildly interested in myths or those who recall the rebellion they may have felt as college students when struggling through Greek and Latin in the original, will need to be reminded by the very comprehensive prefaces and introductions that mythology is more than a series of fairy tales. Indeed, here speaks man's earliest notions of himself and the world about him. How often when we hear thunder do we cease to smile tolerantly at the aboriginal explanation. After all, it seems so simple—even if not scientific.

*The Mythology of all Races. Edited by Prof. L. H. Gray. [1]North America. By Prof. H. B. Alexander. [2]Greek and Roman. By Prof. W. S. Fox. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

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As Professor Moore, the consulting editor of the series, points out, a myth is "an explanation of something in the form of a story—that happened once upon a time or that repeats itself from day to day—and in natural myths, as distinct from invented myths of philosophers and poets, the story is not the artificial vesture of an idea but its spontaneous expression, not a fiction but a self-evident fact."

Mythology is therefore the history of early man and of our "contemporary ancestors." That which we call history is more and more veering from dates and events to the business of reflecting causes. Professor Louis Herbert Gray, the editor of the series, is of the opinion that mythology has much to do with science "as mythology is science in its infancy." Its connection with religion is also obvious though he warns us that it is not synonymous, for mythology only relates to its causal aspect. In approaching a study of such world-wide importance we are asked to have sympathy; the subject is not trivial or nonsensical; we may smile at myths and be amused at their naïveté but they remain none the less an indelible record of man's reach for truth.

To Professor W. Sherwood Fox, of Princeton, has been entrusted the authorship of the first volume which deals specifically with the *Greek and Roman*[1] myths. His aim has been to present and interpret a number of typical myths as vehicles of religious thought in its most comprehensive aspect. Local heroes and their stories are narrated before describing divinities, since the gods are in reality composite portraits. In a detailed and penetrating introduction Professor Fox analyses the nature of myths. There is no hard and fast rule as to what constitutes a myth; its form is mainly narrative; it deals with the past or universal present; its subject matter is drawn from the unverifiable and it is a product of the imagination, accepted as true by its original maker or his hearers. The origin of myths and their persistency is also touched upon before the field is surveyed in detail. Here we find all the great stories which have fascinated man throughout the ages. In great detail, for example, we find the Tale of Troy presented. Professor Fox points out that this is not one single story, but a vast treasury of human dramas. Each of the heroes and his relation to the whole is clearly projected in a manner highly interesting to the lay reader, and many illustrations selected from original casts, and so forth, are studded throughout the pages. The Voyage of the Argo is similarly treated and the myths of the various families concerned are skillfully correlated. Each of the Greek gods has a special chapter under which all the myths concerning him is graphically pictured. One may venture a single extract as revealing Professor Fox's manner of humanising his theme.

A little knowledge of the meteorological conditions of Greece and of the manner of life to which the ancient Greek was bound by the nature of things makes it plain why Hesiod called the winds "a great trouble to mortals." One who is well acquainted with modern Greece writes: "In the winter the winds blow from every point of the compass and cannot be relied upon from one day to the next," while in strong contrast is the regularity of direction of the summer winds. In all this variety of air-currents, sometimes humouring, sometimes thwarting the plans of man, it was not at all strange to see the operations of beings of independent will and of those motley traits which go to make up personality. It was inevitable that the mountain hurricanes, which without warning swooped down on the sailor or fisherman who thought himself safe as he hugged the shore, should seem to be dæmons of destruction; and it was equally axiomatic that the useful trade winds should be credited with peaceful and benevolent dispositions. Owing to their importance the winds were very early given a place in cult or in those magic ceremonies which can be differentiated from cult only with difficulty; and, consequently, as there were rain-charms, so were there wind-charms to avert or to

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arouse the winds as necessity required. With the continuous development of chthonic elements in Greek ritual the tendency gained momentum to identify the violet winds with malignant dæmons of the earth; yet, on the other hand, many of them were thought to reside in birds of prey, such as the sea-hawk, while in the kingfisher dwelt the spirit of midwinter calm, whence we speak of "halcyon (kingfisher) days."

Professor Hartly Burr Alexander, who is the author of the other volume dealing with *North American*[2] myths, is careful to point out that mythology in the classical sense can scarcely be said to exist in North America. There is a sort of mythology, but no single tribe of Indians has completely expressed it. Though the Indians themselves were not conscious of it the student to-day will recognise a coherent system of myths, in spite of the fact that each tribe and clan within a tribe has its own particular myths. The Indians' religion must also be studied in his ritual rather than in his myths. Professor Alexander gives a long list of the former to show how distinct they are from the latter. Many of the myths are merely fiction to entertain or to point a moral and it is difficult to separate these from true myths. The great sources of myth material are those which nature offers, and those in the analogies of human nature. Professor Alexander then gives a brief survey of the Indians' cosmic perspective before proceeding into an analysis of the subject itself. The author apologises for the sketchy nature of his study, especially since the literature of the subject is already very large; but he has been content to limit himself to a general description rather than a closely analytical study. He, none the less, offers many suggestive analogies for those who may be interested in a more profound study.

Aside from the great number of illustrations in colour and elaborate footnotes (which are placed at the end of each volume and do not mar the make-up of the pages) there are two detailed bibliographies. The editors deserve every congratulation in presenting a readable scientific study "that shall set forth myths as living entities and that —because each writer knows and loves the mythology of which he treats—will fill the reader with enthusiasm for them."

Geoffrey Monmouth.

V

John Galsworthy's "A Sheaf"*

To all interested in the personality of John Galsworthy his new book affords a revelation of the man himself. To this man of sensitive and vivid imagination, all injustice and cruelty become the suffering of his own soul. *A Sheaf* is a compilation of various published and unpublished papers and essays. The book is divided into two parts, and might be termed a volume of humane protests and warnings. The first is a collection of protests against stupid national cruelties and injustices to humans and animals. The various essays are directed against the caging of wild birds, the vivisection of dogs, needless cruelty in the slaughter of animals for food, and the socially destructive policy of solitary confinement in prisons. Among other papers there is an interesting unpublished preface to his play *Justice*. "Gentles Let Us Rest," a paper written to *The Nation* in 1910, is a plea for immediately granting the vote to women on the ground that to withhold it longer is socially inexpedient. The first half of the book closes with, "The Will to Peace," which relates Galsworthy's reaction, just previous to the war, on reading a poster entitled, "Why England and Germany Must Go to War." In view of the ensuing cataclysm, Galsworthy's determined faith at that moment that the calamity could not eventuate is tragic.

The second half of the book was written after the war and has two psychological divisions. One group of essays

*A Sheaf by John Galsworthy. New York: Scribner's.

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might be gathered under the head of "First Reactions to the War." The latter portion Mr. Galsworthy himself entitles "Second Thoughts on the War." He opens the division on the war with a "Credo," setting forth his faith that the present war is a struggle between democracy and the powers of autocracy. He believes that, "It is the device of executive power from popular sanction that has made possible this greatest of all disasters in history," and that it is for the extension of more democratic control that England and the Allies are fighting. He maintains that democracy's tide sets from the West to the East and grants that it must permeate Germany before it reaches Russia. He welcomes Russia's aid because he feels that if France and England are beaten it will be the death of democracy, yet he does not do as so many pro-Allies are prone to in the passion of the moment, utterly blink at the irony of England's alliance with Russia under the banner of sovereignty for the people.

Even if one questions Galsworthy's interpretation of the social forces arrayed in this struggle, one cannot read *A Sheaf* without granting utter sincerity to this beauty and liberty loving soul so harrowed by the horror of the hour. The poignancy of mental agony revealed in these pages might in very self-defense necessitate endowing the cause of so much suffering with ultimate potentialities for world progress. And in justice it should be emphasised that it is world progress, not merely national progress that Galsworthy longs for. There is no hatred in his heart against any peoples. There is only a desire to abolish evil autocratic systems which he believes to have been responsible for this war. He has no tolerance for those who write of the glories of war. He terms this war, "the grand defeat of all Utopians, dreamers, poets, philosophers, idealists, humanitarians, lovers of peace and the arts; bag and baggage they are thrown out of a world that for the time has no use for them." One senses how utterly lone and outside the world Galsworthy himself felt when many of these pages were wrung from his heart.

Despite his firm faith in the idealism of England's and the Allies' part in this war he is never a national jingoist. He is a poet, a careful social thinker with a heart hunger for beauty and the balanced social harmony of justice for the least as well as the greatest of the dwellers on earth. Like the tragic and incessant warning of the lonely bell-buoy at sea, there resurges throughout the "Second Thoughts on the War," a knell of warning to his own country arising out of a desperate and terrible soul questioning. Again and again in the prose of pure gold that issues from a burning heart he warns the Britain he loves devotedly, but not blindly, to beware the temptations that will befall them when it comes to peace making and during the bitterly cruel years of reconstruction that must follow. He says:

> If the fine phrases we have used and are still using about liberty, humanity, democracy, and peace are not genuinely felt they will come home to roost most vilely. By the outside world we shall be judged according to the measure of actuality we give hereafter to the claim we now make of being champions of freedom and humanity; and only according to our inward habit of thought during the war shall we be able to act when it is over. We can *do* nothing now perhaps save prosecute the fight to its appointed end; but if we are not to turn out fraudulent after the event it is already *time to feel ahead. . . . A sloppy optimism* is not the slightest good, no more than a deliberate pessimism. "It will be all right after the war"! is, no doubt, the attitude of *many minds just now. It will only be all* right after the war if with all the might of a sustained national will we take care that it is.

This warning is reiterated again and again through the latter pages of this book, now in the form of a flaming plea, again with that bitter irony of which Galsworthy is a master. He tells Britain that by its claims in regard to en-

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tering this war the national attitude has been fixed and the right of coercion abrogated. He does not gloss over the imperial past, but demands that Britain's pledge to the world shall be kept by "the most rigid scrutiny of its own conduct, and by developing the feeling that it is beneath imperial dignity to wrest material benefit from the losses of others." He admonishes England that after the war there will develop foes within more difficult of conquest than those without are now. A far-seeing social and economic reconstruction and the immediate abolition of the long overdue injustice toward Ireland and Women are a part of the programme he demands.

Galsworthy enduring the pain of the present is projecting his thought toward the future. Whatever one's criticism of his social economy, wherever one's sympathies may lie in this war, all must be grateful for the exceptional minds abiding in warring countries, surrounded by every incentive to blind prejudice and passionate hatred, that are still striving to see beyond and to lead others toward constructive and generous rebuilding. In the power of these men and women, in the depth and breadth of their vision rests the hope of the world.

Roberta Madison.

VI

Charles Frohman: Manager and Man*

"Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life." These are the words ascribed to Charles Frohman a few minutes before the stricken *Lusitania* went down in the waters of the Irish Sea. They are the words by which he is happily remembered, capping a life which, if it did not exactly suggest beautiful adventures, was at least remarkably rich in its variety, its interest and its achievement. The story of that life is told directly, simply, yet affectionately by the authors, Mr. Frohman's brother, Mr. Daniel Frohman, and his friend, Mr. Isaac F. Marcosson. First there is the picture of the boy of eight, watching from the uppermost gallery of the old Niblo's Garden in New York City a performance of *The Black Crook*—that extravaganza which was considered so fascinatingly wicked forty years ago. It was Charles Frohman's first play and it directed his destiny. By the time he was fourteen he was working by day in a newspaper office in New York and at night in the box-office of a theatre in Brooklyn. Three years more and he was travelling through the country as an advance agent. As the treasurer of an impecunious minstrel troupe he found his first opportunity for the expression of his talents for publicity by the purchase of a perfectly unnecessary iron safe which he had gorgeously lettered and conspicuously displayed. The company's poverty mattered not. The mere sight of the resplendent safe invariably drew the yokel comment: "That Haverly Show has got so much money that it is carrying a safe to hold it." Strange days of the road were those of the strolling players of the late seventies.

In 1881 Charles Frohman went to the Madison Square Theatre of New York, and for the first time the three Frohman brothers, Gustave, Daniel, and Charles, were under the same managerial roof. The theatre, which had opened in February, 1880, with *Hazel Kirke,* became at once an important factor in New York dramatic life. Daniel Frohman was the manager, and Gustave director of the travelling companies, with Charles as his associate. In 1882 Charles formed his first association with David Belasco. The two were lunching together in Chicago and Frohman talked of the day when he would have his own theatre on Broadway and Belasco would write plays for it. Belasco agreed. "There will never be need of a contract between us," said Charles. It was the expression of a conviction that guided him throughout his life. "The man who never broke his word," is the first

*Charles Frohman: Manager and Man. By Isaac F. Marcosson and Daniel Frohman. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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sentence of the Appreciation of James M. Barrie at the beginning of this book.

Success in a large way first came to Charles Frohman with the production of Bronson Howard's *Shenandoah* in 1889. He immediately launched himself on a sea of productions. After *Shenandoah* came *All the Comforts of Home, Men and Women, Mr. Wilkinson's Widows,* and Sardou's *Thermidor*. He turned his eyes toward England for material, and began making his annual visits to London. The eventual result of these visits was his invasion of the London stage. It was William Gillette's *Secret Service,* produced in England in 1897, that made that invasion a success. Then came the association with Barrie, first through the presentation of *Quality Street,* and through *Peter Pan,* to which Barrie originally gave the title *The Great White Father.* Here is the story of how *Peter Pan* found its way to the stage.

Barrie had agreed to write a play for Frohman, and met him at dinner one night at the Garrick Club in London. Barrie seemed nervous and ill at ease.

"What's the matter?" said Charles.

"Simply this," said Barrie. "You know I have an agreement to deliver you the manuscript of a play?"

"Yes," said Frohman.

"Well, I have it, all right," said Barrie, "but I am sure it will not be a commercial success. But it is a dream-child of mine, and I am so anxious to see it on the stage that I have written another play which I will be glad to give you and which will compensate you for any loss on the one I am so eager to see produced."

"Don't bother about that," said Frohman. "I will produce both plays."

Now the extraordinary thing about this episode is that the play about whose success Barrie was so doubtful was "Peter Pan," which made several fortunes. The manuscript he offered Frohman to indemnify him from loss was "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire," which lasted only a season. Such is the estimate that the author often puts on his own work!

When Frohman first read "Peter Pan" he was so entranced that he could not resist telling all his friends about it. He would stop them in the street and act out the scenes. Yet it required the most stupendous courage and confidence to put on a play that, from the manuscript, sounded like a combination of circus and extravaganza; a play in which children flew in and out of rooms, crocodiles swallowed alarm-clocks, a man exchanged places with his dog in its kennel, and various other seemingly absurd and ridiculous things happened.

To Frohman London meant Barrie. The two would wander about London, Barrie smoking his short, black pipe, Frohman swinging his stick. The simple companionship was enough. Sometimes, for hours, not a word would be exchanged. Barrie and his pipe were inseparable. There was a story to the effect that once Frohman wanted to drive to Barrie's flat, and instructed the cabby: "Drive to the Strand, go down to Adelphi Terrace, and stop at the first smell of pipe smoke." With *Peter Pan* was connected one of the most gracious acts of Frohman's life. The original of Peter was sick in bed at his home when the play was produced in London. The boy was bitterly disappointed because he could not see it. From Barrie Frohman learned of the case. "If the boy can't come to the play, we will take the play to the boy," he said. So the company was sent to the boy's home with as many "props" as could be jammed into the sick room, and sitting up in bed, the excited and delighted child witnessed the wonders of the fairy play.

Stanhope Searles.

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THE SKETCH-BOOKS OF WONDERLAND*

BY PHILIP LORING ALLEN

WHEN new illustrations for *Alice in Wonderland* were first published, one comment was that it would have been quite as sensible and as becoming to issue an edition of Sir John Tenniel's illustrations with a new text, by, say Richard Le Gallienne or Mrs. Humphry Ward. Now that the expiration of the English copyright—leaving publishers free to reprint the original text but not the original illustrations—has stimulated the production of half a dozen or more new outfits of pictures for this nonsense classic, these are still brought out in a way that is almost sheepish. The artists behave rather as if they had been caught sketching not enchanted domains, where they have a perfect right, but some enemy's fortifications. They want it understood that their work is not intended to supplant the Tenniel pictures, yet even this apology they do not make in person but virtually by literary attorney. "The Tenniel Pictures," says E. S. Martin in his preface to the Peter Newell edition, ". . . . are identified beyond fear of separation with Alice and her familiars." "Enchanting Alice!" exclaims Austin Dobson in *his* metrical preface to the Arthur Rackham edition,

" . . . . . Black and White
Has made your deeds perennial;
And naught save 'Chaos and old Night'
Can part you now from Tenniel."

These diffident disclaimers recognise the peculiar relation of text and pictures in the Alice books. The lover of these volumes has the clearest possible notion of how all the personages in them must have looked, and doubtless supposes that he got that notion directly from the author. But no author could possibly have said less on the subject than did Lewis Carroll. "The Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle nursing a baby," he tells us. That is the nearest thing to a description of the Duchess to be found in his book. "There was a table set out under a tree in front of the House and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them fast asleep and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it and talking over its head." "They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break." In this wise are the principal characters introduced. The author is referring his reader to the illustrator, just as he does in so many words in the case of the Gryphon: "If you don't know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture."

The only liberty taken with the text in either of the new editions is for the purpose of escaping a definite reference to the frontispiece as a source of information regarding the King's method of wearing his crown over his wig. Bill the Lizard himself might be a wombat or a star-nosed mole for anything the author says about him until three pages after Alice has kicked him up the chimney. The picture which tells what manner of creature he was at the very moment when we want to know is not an embellishment but a part of the text. Yet the fact that a non-illustrated *Alice* would be all but inconceivable is properly in favour rather than against the new illustrators. If there is one place in the world or out of it where vested

*A propos of Mr. Herford's apology to a possible critic for his presumption in attempting to fill Tenniel's shoes, we are reprinting from THE BOOKMAN for February, 1908, this paper on other illustrators of "Wonderland."

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rights ought not to be respected, it certainly is Wonderland. If Mr. Newell and Mr. Rackham have something to add to our imperfect knowledge of that delectable country, they are benefactors. As for borrowing, it would be as reasonable to accuse Stockton because long long after the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle had finished their lobster quadrille, he reported the colloquies of the Griffin and the Minor Canon.

Whether anything has been added is not a question for the art critics at all. How do the new creations impress those who look at them as friends and not as samples of technique? May they not, like fresh interpretations of classic theatrical rôles, bring out shades of meaning and character unobserved before? Indeed the three sets of illustrations which are worth considering at all do show their subjects from as many angles. Tenniel won his reputation by political cartoons, Newell by illustrations of his own whimsical verses, Rackham by half droll, half uncanny designs for *Rip Van Winkle*. So, as might be expected, Tenniel's Wonderland is in general the most logical, Newell's the most fantastic, Rackham's the most unearthly. This can be seen in their embellishments of the very first paragraphs. Tenniel's White Rabbit is an English country squire. Newell's a half-distracted schoolmaster, Rackham's an apparition in a pearl-coloured frock-coat and ruffles. It is again to be seen in the different choice of subjects. Tenniel alone has drawn Alice at the moment of destiny when, picking up the bottle marked "Drink Me," she, like a prudent little girl, is turning it about to see if it happens to be marked "Poison" on the other side; Newell alone has drawn the three weird sisters, Elsie, Lacie and Tillie, at the bottom of their treacle well; Rackham alone has drawn Alice at that remarkable crisis when she has nibbled the right-hand bit of mushroom and, shutting up suddenly like a telescope, has received "a violent blow underneath the chin," from her own foot. We see Tenniel at his best in the Duchess, Newell in the Mock Turtle, Rackham in the Caterpillar.

Peter Newell's snub-nosed housewife in a ruff is all very well in her way, but she is not a Duchess. Rackham's lady, with her high beak-nose, her ermine, ostrich plumes and false curls, is every inch a Duchess, probably a Dowager Duchess. As she appears in the Sixth Chapter there is little if any fault to find with her. She is just the woman to sit like a feminine field-marshal under the Cook's galling fire of saucepans, plates and dishes and take "no notice of them even when they hit her." She is just the woman to reply to Alice's confession that she did not know cats *could* grin. "They all can, and most of 'em do." She might, in fact, do all of the things recorded in Chapter Six. But Mr. Rackham must have forgotten Chapter Nine. That is the most charitable explanation. It is simply inconceivable that his Duchess could have said, "You can't think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing." His Duchess is austere. She could never have unbent and "tucked her arm affectionately into Alice's." It is the superiority of Tenniel's Duchess that she is no less convincing in her maudlin than in her morose mood. She is not refined or tactful in either. If, like Du Maurier's swell who mistook another duchess for the widow of a cheesemonger in the New Cut, we did not know her rank we might exclaim, "How she goes on to be sure!" As it is, like him, after he was set right, we admire "her aristocratic simplicity of manner." That is because we do know her for a Duchess.

The recipe for mock-turtle soup in the cook-book, and the allusions to "flappers" in the text are—except, of course, the unreported talks between author and illustrator—the only sources of information about the Mock Turtle's appearance. Tenniel made him a helpless, hopeless beast with plated carapace and plastron, scaly flippers or flappers and a moon-calf's head. Rackham's is much the same, only more delicate and anæmic, pensive and sentimental. But

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Newell had ideas of his own. Zoologically speaking, his Mock Turtle who "went to school in the sea" does belong to a marine species. It is a little hard to believe such a lumbering, blubbering monster capable of passing in "Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling—the drawling master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week, *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching and Fainting in Coils." Tenniel's or Rackham's Mock Turtles, though not inspired scholars, can be imagined as obtaining high marks, even from the old Conger-eel. But they lack the one quality which is absolutely essential. Newell's is the only one of the three that would furnish really first-class mock-turtle soup, and this must be the deciding factor.

Mr. Rackham's Caterpillar is similarly the only caterpillar that corresponds strictly to the specifications. The author mentions only two facts about the Caterpillar's exterior: that his colour was blue and that his arms were folded. Even Tenniel ignored the folded arms in his design. This, however, is a minor point. The question is one of delineating a character. This Caterpillar is a perfect incarnation of incisive curiosity. His questions are far more disquieting than the Queen's tantrums. He is a subject worthy of Sargent's brush. It may be that Tenniel sketched him from behind because he felt himself unequal to more exacting portraiture. Newell has drawn a caterpillar with button eyes, a crest like a toothbrush, and an infantile expression. His is a caterpillar that could not possibly impress anybody. But Rackham's snuffy, loose-lipped, spectacled smoker wears the real air of authority. He cannot be imagined as ever turning into a butterfly or moth. If he turns into anything it will be a bookworm. His eyes are dim with study and introspection. He is probably of German extraction and his valedictory observation to Alice, "You'll get used to it in time," sounds like the answer to the Welträtsel.

And Alice herself? Wondering, gentle and considerate, even if she does speak of cats to the Mouse and of "din—" to the friends of the Whiting, she is too dear a child to be treated with anything but tenderness. Tenniel drew her as a little girl of his own time—forty years ago—in starched frock, white stockings and tiny, black strapped slippers. Newell kept the white stockings and much of the old-time quaintness, though his Alice has a thought too much aplomb. The really daring change made by Rackham is in bringing his little heroine down to date. Most of us doubtless will continue to love the old Alice best, but the modern little figure does bear one message of its own. It tells us that the gate of Wonderland has never been closed, that it never will be closed, and that to the children of the twentieth century, old and young, as to their children and their grandchildren, it is still given to eat now and then of the magic fruit of the Amfalula tree in whose boughs the Dinkey bird sings.

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READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

The Nemesis of Docility. A Study of German Character. By Edmond Holmes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.75 net.

In his study of German character the author shows that docility, when it is a national characteristic, may become a destructive force of extreme violence.

Religion and Theology

Bible Talk Outlines. Two Hundred Alphabetically Arranged. By N. B. Cooksey. Olney, Illinois: Cooksey Publishing Company. 35 cents.

Suggestions, in alphabetical order, for sermons and religious discussions.

Concerning Jesus Christ, the Son of God. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. Philadelphia: The Griffith & Rowland Press. $1.00 net.

A series of studies of Christ, with especial emphasis laid upon His resurrection.

Doctrine and Duty Made Plain and Attractive. By N. B. Cooksey. Olney, Illinois: Cooksey Publishing Company. 50 cents.

Short essays on religious topics.

It Came to Pass. By Arthur W. Moulton. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

Six sketches based on some of the dramatic episodes of the Gospels.

Helps to Happiness. By N. B. Cooksey. Olney, Illinois: Cooksey Publishing Company. 25 cents net.

Short chapters on ambition, friendship, good association, patience, etc., as helps to a happy disposition. Written from a religious point of view.

Living for the Future. A Study in the Ethics of Immortality. By John Rothwell Slater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

The War and the Soul. By R. J. Campbell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25 net.

Articles on the religious aspects of the war which originally appeared in *The English Illustrated Sunday Herald.* Some of the titles are: "Religion and the War," "Why Did God Refrain from Stopping It," "Will Christianity Survive," "The Supernatural Order," "The Ages of Faith and the Ages of Reason."

Sociology and Economics

A Brief History of Panics and Their Periodical Occurrence in the United States. By Clement Juglar. Third Edition. Translated and Edited with an Introduction and Brought Down from 1889 to Date. By DeCourcy W. Thom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.

Ethics of Democracy. A Series of Optimistic Essays on the Natural Laws of Human Society. Third Edition. By Louis F. Post. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Frontispiece. $1.50 net.

Financial Chapters of the War. By Alexander Dana Noyes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

The author's purpose is "to describe clearly, and explain without technicality, the remarkable financial and economic episodes which have attended the European War."

The Foundations of Germany: A Documentary Account Revealing the Causes of Her Strength, Wealth and Efficiency. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.50 net.

A discussion of the causes of Germany's power, efficiency and economic success based on a study of the writings, speeches, state papers, and personalities of Germany's leading men during the past century.

The Meaning of Money. By Hartley Withers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25 net.

In *The Lombard Street Library.* A study of the English monetary system. The first edition of the book appeared in 1909.

Poverty and Riches. A Study of the Industrial Régime. By Scott Nearing. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

An indictment of the present industrial régime and a plea for a readjustment of our social system.

The Tide of Immigration. By Frank Julian Warne. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $2.50 net.

The fundamental economic forces behind immigration and the government machinery that has come into existence for the purpose of regulating immigration. The work discusses restriction in the light of recent developments in Congress.

Society's Misfits. By Madeleine Z. Doty. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A study of reformatory and prison life. The first two chapters deal with the author's own experiences when she served her voluntary week in jail. The last six

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chapters deal with the life of children in reformatories.

Political Science

American Debate: A History of Political and Economic Controversy in the United States, with Critical Digests of Leading Debates. By Marion Mills Miller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two volumes. Each $2.00 net.

Volume I. covers Colonial, State and National Rights, 1761-1861; Volume II., The Land and Slavery Questions, 1607-1860.

International Government: An International Authority for the Prevention of War. Two Reports by L. S. Woolf, Prepared for the Fabian Research Department. With an Introduction by Bernard Shaw. Together with a Project by a Fabian Committee for a Supernational Authority that will Prevent War. New York: Brentano's. $2.00 net.

The Fabian Society's Research Department entered into an investigation on the question of a practical form of International Government which should act as a preventive of war, and the results of that investigation are presented in this work.

Self-Government in Russia. By Paul Vinogradoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25 net.

A non-technical history of the growth of Russian self-government from the time of Czar Peter to the present. The work is based on four lectures delivered during 1915—"Outlines of Russian Evolution," "The Organisation of Self-government," "Popular Education," and "Self-government and the War."

Wilson and The Issues. By George Creel. New York: The Century Company. Frontispiece. 60 cents.

A summing up of the President's personality, achievements, and policies, and a defence of his record.

The War

The Backwash of War. The Human Wreckage of the Battlefield as Witnessed by an American Hospital Nurse. By Ellen N. La Motte. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.

Sketches of some of the scenes witnessed by the author in a French military field hospital behind the lines in Belgium.

The Deeper Causes of the War. By Emile Hovelaque. Translated by The Author, with an Introduction by Sir Walter Raleigh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25 net.

The author seeks to find in a study of German philosophy of the last fifty years the real causes of the conflict.

An Emperor's Madness or National Aberration? By Ernesto Lugaro. Translated by W. N. Robinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00 net.

A criticism, by an eminent Italian psychiatrist, of the theory that the war is to be traced to the psychology of the Emperors of Germany and Austria-Hungary, the conclusion arrived at being that while such a theory holds a certain amount of truth, it is on the whole, a "huge blunder."

A French Mother in War Time. Being the Journal of Madame Edouard Drumont. Translated by Grace E. Bevir. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.00 net.

A diary covering the period from July, 1914, to August, 1915.

A Frenchwoman's Notes on the War. By Claire de Pratz. New York: E. P. Dutton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

The work is divided into two parts, the first consisting of the author's diary from the end of June to the end of September, 1914, and the second part of four chapters on "Why France Was Unprepared for War," "The Quality of the French Fighting Spirit," "The Influences of the War Upon National Character," "The Women's Part in the War."

Letters from France. By Jeanne Le Guiner. Translated by H. M. C. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

Letters from a French woman to a friend in this country, presenting pictures of war-time life and anecdotes of the trenches and hospitals.

Malice in Kulturland. By Horace Wyatt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 60 cents net.

A satire on the war.

The Road to Liege: The Path of Crime. By M. Gustave Somville. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.

An account of the atrocities committed in Belgium at the outbreak of the war.

Some Experiences in Hungary 1914-1915. By Mina MacDonald. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

An account of the experiences of an English woman who was at the outbreak of the war companion to the daughters of a Hungarian magnate, who resided near Pressburg.

With the Twenty-Ninth Division in Galipoli: A Chaplain's Experiences. By O. Creighton. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The diary of the chaplain to the 86th Brigade of the 29th Division, covering the period from January 27th to August 9th, 1915.

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The Wrack of the Storm. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50 net.
A collection of all the essays written and speeches delivered by the author since the beginning of the war.

Education

Ancient History. By Philip Van Ness Myers. Second Revised Edition. Boston: Ginn & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
A text book suitable for use in high schools.

The Book of the Yale Pageant. 21 October, 1916. In Commemoration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Removal of Yale College to New Haven. Edited by George Henry Nettleton. New Haven: Yale University Press. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The work "aims to interpret the significance of Yale in the light of history and tradition." Besides the Pageant a portion of the book is devoted to "Essays on Yale." The illustrations are from old portraits, wood-cuts and engravings.

Dances, Drills and Story-Plays. For Every Day and Holidays. By Nina B. Lamkin. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.
Simple exercises for use in the primary grades.

How to Learn Easily. Practical Hints on Economical Study. By George Van Ness Dearborn. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00 net.
Contents: "Economy in Study," "Observation and the Taking of Notes," "Educative Imagination," "Books and Their Educative Use," "Is Your 'Thinker' in Order," "Examination-Preparedness."

The Manual of Natural Education. By Winifred Sackville Stoner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Diagrams and illustrations. $1.00 net.
A book for parent or teacher showing how to apply the system of education outlined in the author's earlier book, *Natural Education.*

South America. Brief Outline of Study Suggestions, with Bibliography. By Harry Erwin Bard. New York: D. C. Heath & Company. 60 cents.
A syllabus in which are topics grouped under such general heads as "Caribbean Sea Zone," "Archaeology and Sources of Population," "Political Development and International Relations," "Civic, Social, and Economic Conditions," "Education and General Culture."

Workmanship in Words. By James P. Kelly. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00 net.
A study in the use of words.

Universal Military Education and Service. The Swiss System for The United States. By Lucien Howe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.
A study of military education and its advantages.

Science

Studies in Forensic Psychiatry. By Bernard Gluech. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $2.50 net.
Criminal Science Monograph No. 2. Supplement to the Journal of The American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology. The results of the author's investigation in the criminal department of the Government State Hospital for the Insane. The book aims to present a series of well-rounded-out case histories of criminal types as studied from the psychopathologist's view-point.

Hygiene

Home Care of Consumptives. By Roy L. French. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Simple instructions on the home care of consumptives. The author was formerly secretary of the Kentucky Tuberculosis Commission.

Physical Training for Boys. By M. N. Bunker. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A course in physical training designed to meet the needs of the individual boy whether he trains alone or in company with other boys.

Domestic Economy

1000 Shorter Ways Around the House. A Handbook of the Home, The Building, the Furnishing and the Work Therein. By Mae Savell Croy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.
Concise and useful information for the housekeeper.

Fine Arts

The Russian Arts. By Rosa Newmarch. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A study of the various branches of Russian art, including architecture, decoration and iconography, illumination and engraving, painting, sacred art, sculpture, etc.

General Literature, Essays

The Advance of the English Novel. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50 net.
A history of the development of the novel in English from Smollett and Sterne to the popular writers of the present, with special emphasis laid on recent and contemporary writers. The chapters com-

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prising the book, with the exception of the last, appeared originally in *The Bookman.*

Buying a Horse. By William Dean Howells. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents net.
An essay.

Content with Flies. By Mary and Jane Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
An account of the summer experiences of the authors in a country cottage in Scotland, where they lived simply and without servants in an endeavour to decrease expenses.

An Essay on Shakespeare's Relation to Tradition. By Janet Spens. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 90 cents.
An essay revealing Shakespeare's indebtedness to the Folk-play.

Hinduism: The World Ideal. By Harendranath Maitra. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25 net.
A study of the ideals and civilisation of India.

Saints' Legends. By Gordon Hall Gerould. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.
In *The Types of English Literature* series, edited by William Allan Neilson. The work gives an account of the part that saints' legends have played in English literature.

A Sheaf. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.
A collection of essays and sketches.

Speaking of Home. Being Essays of a Contented Woman. By Lillian Hart Tryon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.
Chatty and humourous essays presenting the attractions of housekeeping and home-making.

Studies of Contemporary Poets. By Mary C. Sturgeon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50 net.
Fifteen studies including the work of Rupert Brooke, John Masefield, William H. Davies, Lascelles Abercrombie, James Stephens, "John Presland," Mrs. Naidu, Walter de la Mare, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Ralph Hodgson, Ford Madox Hueffer, Rose Macaulay, Harold Monro, Margaret L. Woods, and a group of Irish poets.

The Tyranny of Shams. By Joseph McCabe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50 net.
Criticism of some of the most dominant ideas and institutions of our time. Some of the chapter headings are: "The Philosophy of Revolt," "The Military Sham," "The Follies of Sham Patriotism," "The Distribution of Wealth," "The Clerical Sham."

Poetry and Drama

Ballads of Battle. By Joseph Lee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A book of war poems, many of them written in the trenches. The illustrations are sketches made by the author, who is Lance-Corporal in the 4th Battalion Black Watch.

The Book of Winifred Maynard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
A collection of posthumous poems.

The Caliph's Secret and Other Verses. By M. A. B. Evans. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
A collection of miscellaneous poems, for the most part reflecting the atmosphere of the East.

Collected Poems. By Arthur Peterson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
The collection includes *The Divan* and *Songs of New-Sweden,* first published in 1887; *Penrhyn's Pilgrimage,* published in 1894; *Sea-Grasses,* published in 1900, and *Waifs* and *The Recluse,* which have never before been published.

Doreen and The Sentimental Bloke. By C. J. Dennis. New York: John Lane Company. 75 cents net.
A love story in verse, written in the slang of Australia.

The Golden Threshold. By Sarojini Naidu. With an Introduction by Arthur Symons. New York: John Lane Company. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.
A volume of verses by a native of India.

Gorse Blossoms from Dartmoor. By Beatrice Chase. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 35 cents net.
A collection of verses.

Greek Wayfarers and Other Poems. By Edwina Stanton Babcock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
Pictures in verse of life and character in Thessaly and the Peloponneseus, including a dramatic poem entitled "Phidias."

Heine's Poem *The North Sea.* Translated by Howard Mumford Jones. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.
Both the German text and the translation are given, and there is an introduction on Heine and his work.

The Iliad of Homer. Translated into English Blank Verse. By William Cullen Bryant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The *Riverside Popular Edition,* with illustrations by John Flaxman.

Journeys of a Soul. By Nathan Appleton Tefft. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

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A long religious poem in four parts: "The Making of Man," "Washed in the Blood," "The New Birth," "The Triumph of Man."

Law and Love and Other Poems. By E. J. V. Huiginn. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
A collection of religious verse.

A Little Book of Irish Verse. Edited by Albert Clement White. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 60 cents net.
A collection of verses by eminent Irish poets. Proceeds from the sale of the book will go into a fund for the benefit of Irish troops wounded and at the front.

The Little God: Child Verse for Grown-ups. By Katharine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Short verses about children.

Mothers and Men. A Book of Poems. By Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents net.

Poe's Run and Other Poems. Being the true and authentic Narration of certain notable Games, wherein are set forth many marvelous Good Deeds wrought by the Princeton team; all done into Verse in the Vulgar Tongue: To which is appended The Book of the Chronicles of the Elis. By M'Cready Sykes. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A second edition of a book originally published in 1904.

Random Verse. By F. W. B. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50 net.
A collection of verses.

The Road Together. A Contemporaneous Drama in Four Acts. By George Middleton. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.00 net.
A study of married life.

The Roof of the World. By Henry G. Barnett. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.50 net.
A collection of verses.

Shakespeare in Time of War. Excerpts from the Plays Arranged with Topical Allusion. By Francis Colmer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.35 net.
A volume of quotations from Shakespeare adaptable to the present war.

Six Plays of the Yiddish Theatre. By David Pinski, Sholom Ash, Perez Hirschbein, Solomon J. Rabinowitsch. Translated and Edited by Isaac Goldberg. Boston: John W. Luce & Company. $1.50 net.
Six plays by representative authors chosen to show the present stage in the development of Yiddish drama.

Sixty Years of the Theatre. An Old Critic's Memories. By John Ranken Towse. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
The author was for forty-three years dramatic critic of the *New York Evening Post*. In his book he gives his reminiscences and impressions of a large group of notable men and women of the theatre of the last half century.

Songs of Daddyhood, and Other Poems. By Albert E. Trombley. Boston: Richard E. Badger. $1.00 net.
Short verses of childhood.

The Sonnets of Shakespeare. From the Quarto of 1609, with variorum readings and commentary. Edited by Raymond Macdonald Alden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.00 net.

"There Was a Time." By Anne Murray Larned. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
A small book of miscellaneous verses.

Today and Yesterday. Lyrics for Young and Old. By Irving J. A. Miller. Chicago: The Blakely-Oswald Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A collection of verses.

Tragedies. By Arthur Symons. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50 net.
Three dramatic poems. The titles are: "The Harvesters," "The Death of Agrippina," and "Cleopatra in Judea."

Untravelled Trails. By Howard Hilles. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.50 net.
A volume of poems grouped under the headings "Pretending Away the Years," "Homemade Christmas Poetry," "From Furrow and Field," and "Lights and Shadows."

The Wastrel Hoard: A Drama of the Greater Love. By Frank Hendrick. New York: Puritan Play Company.
A modern drama in five acts, with scenes in New York and at the Palace of Peace at The Hague.

Fiction

Afterwards. By Kathlyn Rhodes. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.35 net.
A man disregards conventions and carries out the last request of a girl, shooting her when the two are attacked by savages. What happened then and the consequences of his act form the theme of the novel.

Agnes of the Badlands. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. New York: The Macaulay Company. $1.25 net.
The story of a child's life in the underworld of a large city, her escape, and her ultimate happiness.

At the Sign of the Three Birches. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

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A story of mystery and romance. The scenes are laid in an old country mansion where the heroine must spend a certain amount of time to meet the terms of her godmother's will.

The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford. Edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50 net.
A new edition. The story tells of the evolution of a man's soul from weakness to strength through the love of a good woman.

An Average Woman. By W. Dane Bank. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.
A romance of English life. A young man marries a "finisher" in his father's hat factory, and the story tells of her successful struggle to fit into the sphere in which she finds herself.

Barnacles. By J. Macdougal Hay. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.40 net.
The story of a Scotch musician.

Beef, Iron and Wine. By Jack Lait. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25 net.
A collection of humourous, tragic, and pathetic stories of American life and characteristics.

The Beloved Son. By Fanny Kemble Johnson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
The story of a father and his only son and their combined efforts to master the son's passion for drink. A romance runs through the story.

Between Two Worlds. By Philip Curtiss. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.
The love story of a conventional New York society man and a pretty cabaret dancer.

The Big Dipper. By D. George Dery. New York: Brentano's. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.
A tale of romance and adventures. The scenes are laid in the Balkan countries and in New York City.

The Bird House Man. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
Stories of the life and romances of a little New England village.

Bodbank. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.35 net.
Stories of the town of Bodbank in the Mississippi River valley, told by a group of prominent citizens—the schoolmaster, the apple king, the bank president, the undertaker, the wholesale liquor dealer, the lawyer, the doctor, etc.—who gather in the back room of the Phoenix Hotel.

The Breath of the Dragon. By A. H. Fitch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A romance of modern China, dealing with life in the legation, the imperial palace, and among the poor of Peking.

The Cab of the Sleeping Horse. By John Reed Scott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.
A story of diplomatic intrigue in Washington.

Cap'n Gid. By Elizabeth Lincoln Gould. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Finding his home town too small for him, the hero, a retired sea-captain, went to the city. The story tells of his experiences with the people in the boarding-house in which he settled.

Cecily and the Wide World. A Novel of American Life To-day. By Elizabeth F. Corbett. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.40 net.
A story of married life.

Clover and Blue Grass. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.
A new volume of short stories by the author of *Aunt Jane of Kentucky*. This collection includes "How Parson Page Went to the Circus," "Mary Crawford's Christ," "Old Mahogany," "Millstones and Stumbling-blocks," "'One Taste of the Old Time,'" and "One Day in Spring."

The Cross of Heart's Desire. By Gertrude Pahlow. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.30 net.
A love story with a background of New York life among philanthropists, artists and boarding-house people.

Damaris. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.40 net.
The story of the upbringing of an English girl of good family and unusual talents during the mid-Victorian era. The scenes are laid in India and England.

The Dark Tower. By Phyllis Bottome. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
The story of an English family, with scenes laid in rural England and in Switzerland.

The Daughter Pays. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
A romance of English life. The heroine is forced into marrying the man whom her mother had jilted years before. How she met the situation and won happiness for herself and her husband form the theme of the story.

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Dead Yesterday. By Mary Agnes Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.
A novel of the war.

A Divine Egotist. By Vingie E. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.
A story of the Middle West, the interest centering about Velviny Craith, novelist, philanthropist and reformer, and her efforts to save a man from drink and through him to rescue the town from unscrupulous political control.

Earth to Earth. By Richard Dehan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.35 net.
A new volume of short stories by the author of *One Braver Thing*.

The Golden City. A Tale of Adventure in Unknown Guiana. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.25 net.
The story of the explorations and adventures of two men in Guiana.

The Green Alleys. A Comedy. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
A tale of the Kentish hop fields.

The Grizzly King. A Romance of the Wild. By James Oliver Curwood. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of animal life in the Rocky Mountains centering about Thor, an old grizzly bear. The book is a companion story to *Kazan*.

The Guiding Thread. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.35 net.
A great scholar has married a young girl and so trained her mind that she has no originality of thought. Her sudden realisation, revolt and experiences before her freedom is gained form the theme of the story.

Gulliver the Great, and Other Dog Stories. By Walter A. Dyer. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A collection of stories about dogs most of which have appeared in various periodicals.

From the Housetops. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.40 net.
A modern love story with a background of New York society.

The Hampstead Mystery. By Watson and Rees. New York: John Lane Company. $1.35 net.
A detective story centering about the murder of a wealthy man found dead in his library.

The Heritage of the Sioux. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.
A new tale of the "Flying U" boys, telling of their adventures among the Indians of New Mexico.

The House of Fear. By Wadsworth Camp. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A detective and mystery story set in New York.

Jim—Unclassified. A Romance. By Robert J. Kelly. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.
The story of an English waif, his career and his artistic success.

Jitney and the Boys. By Bennet Copplestone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.
The adventures of three boys and their father in a motor-car in England.

Julius LeVallon: An Episode. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.
A tale of mystery and psychic phenomena. A crime has been committed by three friends in a previous incarnation. Again they find themselves on earth and strive to undo the mischief which they did long ago.

The Keys of the City. By Oscar Graeve. New York: The Century Company. $1.35 net.
A novel of New York, showing the city in some little-known aspects.

The Kingdom of the Blind. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A tale of adventure and intrigue, dealing with the struggle of the British War Office against the German Secret Service.

Leatherface. By Baroness Orczy. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.
An historical tale of the days of Alva and the Prince of Orange. The setting is Belgium, Holland and Flanders.

A Little House in War-time. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.
A chronicle of the every-day life of an average family during the first years of the war.

A Little Question in Ladies' Rights. By Parker H. Fillmore. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
A humourous picture of American child life.

Love and Lucy. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.
A novel having for its theme the de-

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velopment of the love of a married couple of the English middle class.

The Magnificent Adventure. Being the story of the World's Greatest Exploration, and the Romance of a Very Gallant Gentleman. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
An historical romance of the time of Jefferson's administration. The heroine is Theodosia, daughter of Aaron Burr.

The Mark of the Beast. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: The Macaulay Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A novel dealing with the problems of heredity. The scenes are laid in the South.

Miss Theodosia's Heartstrings. By Annie Hamilton Donnell. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The happy influence of four children in the life of a staid, travel-worn woman.

Mr. Britling Sees It Through. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
A novel giving a picture of the effect of the war on the English people at home.

Mr. Wildridge of the Bank. By Lynn Doyle. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.35 net.
A romance of Irish life, telling of the sudden awakening of the sleepy little town of Portnamuch, and the whirlwind campaign for a railway and a factory.

The More Excellent Way. Being the Determinative Episodes in the Life of Chrissey de Selden, Hedonist. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A story of modern society and the divorce questions, with scenes laid in New York, Sorrento, Bermuda and Reno.

Multitude and Solitude. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35 net.
A story of adventure having to do with a fight made against the sleeping sickness. An early novel republished.

The Mystery of the Hated Man, and Then Some. By James Montgomery Flagg. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Satires on the foibles of modern society.

Obvious Adams. By Robert R. Updegraff. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.
The story of a successful business man.

Olga Bardel. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Company. $1.35 net.
The story of the development and career of a little child of the London slums who grows up into a fascinating woman and a great musical genius.

Other People's Business. The Romantic Career of the Practical Miss Dale. By Harriet Lummis Smith. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.35 net.
The story of a trouble-mender in a small town.

The Painted Scene. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Stories of stage life.

The Pictureland of the Heart. By William Allen Knight. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of Palestine.

Pincus Hood. By Arthur Hodges. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.40 net.
A story of New York, telling how Pincus Hood, Art Dealer, tried to help young and struggling artists to attain success.

The Power-house. By John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
A tale of mystery and detective work, centering about an underworld secret organisation, headed by a mysterious millionaire and his butler.

Profit and Loss. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.
The story of a young man, based on the text "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Scenes are laid in Scotland.

Richard Richard. By Hughes Mearns. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The story of a man who held to a selfish philosophy of life until he met the woman with whom he fell in love.

The Rising Tide. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
The story of a modern girl's revolt against the restrictions and conventions that surrounded the women of the past.

The Romance of the Martin Connor. By Oswald Kendall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The story of an American tramp steamer and of the strange adventures that befell her crew during a voyage to the upper regions of the Amazon.

A Russian Priest. By J. N. Potapenko. With an Introduction by James Adderley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.
A story of the life of the Russian peasants and of the influence of the clergy upon them.

Second Choice. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.
A romance of Georgia.

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The Seven Vagabonds. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A gift book edition with drawings by Helen Mason Grose.

Shadows of Yesterday. Stories from an Old Catalogue. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.

Twelve historical short stories inspired by some of the treasures exhibited in an old museum in Naples.

Short Stories from *Life*. The Eighty-one Prize Stories in *Life's* Shortest Story Contest. With an Introduction by Thomas L. Masson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25 net.

A collection of eighty-one short stories selected as the best from more than thirty thousand manuscripts which were received in *Life's* Short Story Contest.

The Six-Pointed Cross in the Dust. By John Roland. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.30 net.

The story of a man who travels through Europe doing good deeds and meeting with strange adventures.

A Slav Soul and Other Stories. By Alexander Kuprin. With an Introduction by Stephen Graham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

In *Putnam's Russian Library*, under the Editorship of Stephen Graham. A collection of fifteen stories selected from the author's works.

Somewhere in Red Gap. By Harry Leon Wilson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A collection of stories about "the Mixer" introduced in the author's *Ruggles of Red Gap*.

Souls Resurgent. By Marion Hamilton Carter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

The heroine is a western girl who has been absent from her home for more than ten years while attending school and college in the east. On her return home she finds that her father has left her executrix of his estate and guardian of her ignorant, undisciplined brother and her spoiled little sister. How she meets this responsibility forms the theme of the story.

A Strong Man's House. By Francis Neilson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50 net.

A story of English life, business and politics in war time.

To the Minute. Scarlet and Black. Two Tales of Life's Perplexities. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Two stories of crime and mystery.

The Towers of Ilium. By Ethelyn Leslie Huston. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

The story of a girl who dared to live out her theories of marriage, defying convention, shocking Society, but finding happiness in the end.

The Triumph of Time. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.40 net.

The story of a wanderer with scenes laid in England, California and Breton.

The Tutor's Story. An Unpublished Novel. By Charles Kingsley. Revised and Completed by His Daughter, Lucas Malet (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison). New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.

A story typical of English life of Kingsley's time.

Unfinished Portraits. Stories of Musicians and Artists. By Jennette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

Stories, purely fiction, of some of the world's great artists and composers—Titian, Giorgione, Leonardo, Albrecht Dürer, Schubert, Chopin, and Bach. Contents: "There Was in Florence a Lady," "Thumbs and Fugues," "A Window of Music," "Frederic Chopin—A Record," "The Man with the Glove," "The Last Monogram."

The Wall Street Girl. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A romance of present-day New York, telling of a young man's relations to two girls—a wealthy debutante and the girl who worked in his office—and of his final decision as to which of them he wanted to marry.

Watermeads: By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50 net.

Another one of Mr. Marshall's stories of quiet English country life. The story of an old family with a large estate and a fine house, but very little money to keep things going and to support their position.

The Wise Man's Story: A Christmas Tale for Dreamers. By Albert Edward Bailey. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

A short Christmas story of the East, told in the words of one of the Magi.

The Woman of Mystery. By Maurice Leblanc. New York: The Macaulay Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A tale of mystery and detective work, with scenes laid in a large country house.

The Wonderful Year. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company. $1.40 net.

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A romantic novel relating the adventures and wanderings of a young Englishman who has lost his position as instructor in French in a middle-class school. Most of the scenes are laid in France, but there is a glimpse of Egypt, and at the end of the great war.

The World for Sale. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A romance of the frontier of the Canadian Northwest.

The Worn Doorstep. By Margaret Sherwood. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.25 net.
The story of a young woman who as a memorial to her lover lost in the war opens her house and dispenses hospitality and help to wayfarers.

Juvenile Books

Archer and the "Prophet." By Edna A. Brown. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.
An American school-boy story, continuing the adventures of the boys introduced in the author's earlier book, *Arnold's Little Brother.*

The Adventures of Mabel. By Harry Thurston Peck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A new edition of a well-known story for children first brought out in 1896. Illustrated with full page coloured plates and small black and white drawings by Harry Rountree.

The Adventures of Miltiades Peterkin Paul. A Very Great Traveler Although He Was Small. By John Brownjohn. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A new edition.

Apauk, Caller of Buffalo. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The story of the adventures of Apauk, a little boy of the Blackfoot tribe.

The Big Family and their Good Times. Verses and pictures by John Rae. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25 net.
A story in verse of a big old-fashioned American family who lived in the country and enjoyed many good times.

Billy Burns of Troop 5. By I. T. Thurston. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.00 net.
A Boy Scout story, telling of the adventures and experiences of the boys in camp, searching for treasure, at the Presidential Inauguration, at the Gettysburg Reunion, etc.

Billy Topsail, M. D. A Tale of Adventure With Doctor Luke of the *Labrador.* By Norman Duncan. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.25 net.
A new volume in the *Billy Topsail* series, telling of the further adventures of Billie Topsail and Archie Armstrong on the ice, in the forest, and at sea.

The Boys' Book of Firemen. By Irving Crump. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
This book tells in detail the workings of a big city's fire department, describing almost every phase of fire fighting, the duties of the various branches of the department, and recounting deeds of daring that have brought honour medals.

The Boy's Book of Mechanical Models. By William B. Stout. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Simple directions for making mechanical toys and models from such material as cigar boxes, spools, string, rubber bands, pins, etc.

The Boy Scout Crusoes: A Tale of the South Seas. By Edwin C. Burritt. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The adventures, hair-breadth escapes and rescues of a group of Boy Scouts shipwrecked off an unknown island in the South Seas.

Boyhood Stories of Famous Men. Titian, Chopin, Andre Del Sarto, Thorwaldsen, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Murillo, Stradivarius, Guidi Reni, Claude Lorraine, Tintoretto, and Rosa Bonheur "Tomboy of Bordeaux." By Katharine Dunlap Cather. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Biographical stories of the boyhood of some of the great figures of history.

The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children. Selected and Edited by Kenneth Grahame. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.
Selections, chiefly lyrical, from the work of notable poets.

The Camera Man: His Adventures in Many Fields. With Practical Suggestions for the Amateur. By Francis Arnold Collins. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.
The adventures and achievements of camera men on the battle fields of Europe, in Mexico, in aeroplanes, and in the various other spheres in which the camera plays a part.

A College Girl. By Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The story of an English girl from the age of fifteen until she graduates from college.

Dave Porter and His Double, or the Disappearance of the Basswood Fortune.

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By Edward Stratemeyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A new volume in the *Dave Porter Series* in which Dave helps to untangle a great mystery.

The Dot Mystery. By Clifford Leon Sherman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

A story with illustrations to be drawn in by the child with the guidance of numbered dots.

Fairy Operettas. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Familiar nursery legends, such as "Cinderella," "Babes in the Wood," etc., in operetta form for children.

From Bull Run to Appomattox. A Boy's View. By Luther W. Hopkins. Baltimore: Press of Fleet-McGinley Company. Illustrations and Maps. $1.12 postpaid.

An account of the author's experiences as a private soldier in the Confederate Army as told to his son. The third edition of a book first published in 1914.

The Golden Apple. A Play for Kiltartan Children. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

A fairy play which deals with the adventures of the son of the King of Ireland when he goes in search of the Golden Apple of Healing.

Hollow Tree Nights and Days. Being a Continuation of the Stories About The Hollow Tree and Deep Woods People. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

The third volume in the *Hollow Tree* series, telling of the adventures of Mr. 'Coon, Mr. 'Possum, Mr. Crow, and their friends.

The House of Delight. By Gertrude C. Warner. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The story of a little girl and her dollhouse, telling of the experiences of the family of dolls who lived in it.

The Independence of Nan. By Nina Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.

The story of a fifteen year old girl who goes from her grandfather's home in Ohio to live with her uncle in a Boston suburb.

In Khaki for the King: A Tale of the Great War. By Escott Lynn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

The experiences of two English boys in the war.

Isabel Carleton's Year. By Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

The story of the heroine's senior year in high school, with its parties, picnics, friendships, sacrifices and triumphs.

June. By Edith Barnard Delano. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The experiences of a little Southern orphan in the North.

Left Guard Gilbert. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A story of American preparatory school life, in *The Football Eleven Books* series.

Liberty Hall. By Florence H. Winterburn. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A story for girls, telling of sisters who found their way to happiness, friends and independence.

Little Billy Bowlegs. By Emilie Blackmore Stapp. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The story of Miss Betty, reporter, and her four little newsboy friends.

Mother Goose Children. By Mary Frances Blaisdell and Etta Austin Blaisdell. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.

New stories in rhyme of Mother Goose characters in very simple language for young children.

Nobody's Boy. (Sans Famille.) By Hector Malot. Translated by Florence Crewe-Jones. New York: Cupples & Leon. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A French story which when it first appeared was crowned by the Academie Française. It is the story of a little French waif, told by himself, of his experiences and hardships, and of how he finally found friends and happiness.

On the Battle Front of Engineering. By A. Russell Bond. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

Stories of great engineering achievements. Some of the titles are: "Harnessing Thunder River," "Righting a Tilted Grain Elevator," "The World's Greatest Bridge," "New York's Culebra Cut."

Our David Pepper. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A new story in the *Five Little Peppers* series.

Patty's Fortune. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The latest volume in the *Patty Series*, telling of Patty's love affairs.

Phyllis McPhilemy: A School Story. By May Baldwin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A story of English school girl life.

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Plays for the Home, School and Settlement. Flowers in the Palace Garden and Other Plays. By Virginia Olcott. Designs for Costumes by Harriet Mead Olcott. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.00 net.

Six plays simple in language and style, suitable for use among young children.

The Quest of the Golden Valley. A Story of Adventure on The Yukon. By Belmore Brown. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas. Second Series. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Selections from the plays and operettas that have appeared in *St. Nicholas* during the past fifteen years.

The Sapphire Signet. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A mystery story for boys and girls with a background of old New York.

Sarah Brewster's Relatives. By Elia W. Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The story of a young girl who on the death of her father had to leave her fine New York home and go to live on a little Western farm, where she finds many jolly times as well as lots of hard work.

Stories for the Story Hour. From January to December. By Ada M. Marzials. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25 net.

A volume of short stories suitable for telling to children. There are two stories for each month of the year, and each story has for a text some old verse or proverb or a nursery rhyme.

Stories of Polar Adventure. True and Stirring Narratives of Bravery and of Perils Gallantly Faced and Overcome. By H. W. G. Hyrst. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Narratives of some of the most romantic and dramatic episodes of Polar exploration.

The Story of Mince Pie. By Josephine Scribner Gates. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25 net.

Each ingredient in the pie tells its own story and the processes it goes through before reaching the hands of the baker.

Tales from the Old World and the New. By Sophie M. Collmann. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Historical tales, legends and sketches for young people.

Told by the Sandman. Stories for Bedtime. By Abbie Phillips Walker. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Short stories for little children.

Top of the World Stories for Boys and Girls. Translated from the Scandinavian Languages by Emilie Poulsson and Laura E. Poulsson. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $1.00 net.

Adventure stories, fairy tales and legends of Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Denmark.

The Trail of the Pearl. By Garrard Harris. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The story of a poor mountain boy who found a fortune in a freshwater pearl, and of the dangers and adventures its possession brought him.

Two Little Women and Treasure House. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A sequel to *Two Little Woman.* The heroines are two high school girls, and the story tells about their life and experiences in the little house which was built for them to study and play in.

Uncle David's Little Nephew. (A Sequel to *The David Stories*) By Emma C. Cram. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

Stories of life on a New England farm during the years from 1857 to 1865.

The Unofficial Prefect. By Albertus T. Dudley. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

In the *Stories of the Triangular League* series. A story of American schoolboy life.

The Wandering Dog: Adventures of a Fox-terrier. By Marshall Saunders. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Another dog story by the author of *Beautiful Joe.* The story is told in the first person by the wire-haired terrier whose adventures take him to New York.

When Mother Lets Us Draw. By E. R. Lee Thayer. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

The latest volume in the *When Mother Lets Us* series. The work aims to make drawing amusing and interesting to children.

The Woodcraft Girls at Camp. By Lillian Elizabeth Roy. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The experiences of a group of Woodcraft Girls at their camp in New Jersey.

Worth While People. By F. J. Gould. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. 75 cents.

Stories of the achievements of notable people from Thermopylæ to the Panama Canal.

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Young People's Story of Massachusetts. By Herschel Williams. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The history of Massachusetts told in story form for children.

History

Campaigns and Battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. By George Wise. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. $3.00 net.

The author served from 1861 to 1865 in the army of which he writes.

The Eighteenth Century in France. (Crowned by the Académie Des Sciences Morales Et Politiques). By Casimer Stryienski. Translated from the French by H. N. Dickinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

In *The National History of France* series. The present volume covers seventy-four years of French history—from the accession of Louis XV. in 1715 to the meeting of the States-General in 1789.

The French Revolution. (Crowned by the French Academy—Gobert Prize). By Louis Madelin. Translated from the French. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

In *The National History of France* series. The author deals with his subject under five headings—"The France of 1789," "The Constituent Assembly," "The Legislative Assembly," "The National Assembly," and "The Executive Directory." There is a bibliography at the end of each chapter.

How We Elected Lincoln: Personal Recollections of Lincoln and Men of His Time. By Abram J. Dittenhoefer. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.

Personal recollections of Lincoln and of the campaigns of 1860 and 1864.

Mount Vernon: Washington's Home and the Nation's Shrine. By Paul Wilstach. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A history of the home of Washington from the first deed of gift to the land lying on the Potomac down to the present time. The author has brought out in his work many interesting and hitherto unpublished facts about the mansion, its occupants, and its grounds.

A Political and Social History of Modern Europe. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. With maps. New York: The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $2.25 each.

A history of modern Europe placing emphasis upon recent happenings, and upon events of the past which have a direct bearing on the present. Volume I. covers the period from 1500 to 1815; Volume II. from 1815 to 1915.

Republican Principles and Policies: A Brief History of the Republican National Party. By Newton Wyeth. Chicago: The Republic Press. Illustrated.

An outline of the origin, progress and achievements of the Republican National Party.

Travel and Description

Bonnie Scotland, and What We Owe Her. By William Elliot Griffis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

In his preface the author states that he has endeavoured to tell of "the Scotchman at home and abroad, his part in the world's work, and to picture 'Old Scotia's graudeur,' as illustrated in humanity, as well as in history, nature, and art, while showing in faint measure the debt which we Americans owe to Bonnie Scotland."

The Chequered Cruise. A True and Intimate Record of Strenuous Travel. By Ralph Stock. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A chatty account of a cruise undertaken in a six-ton yacht by the author and two companions among the South Sea Islands.

Hawaii: Scenes and Impressions. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Descriptive sketches of the Hawaiian Islands. There are chapters on "Honolulu: The Melting Pot," "By-ways in Hawaii," and "Kalaupapa: The Leper Settlement on Molokai."

Leavening the Levant. By Joseph K. Greene. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A missionary's account of his life and work in Turkey, with a description of the land and people, and a discussion of the political, racial and moral problems.

Midsummer Motoring in Europe. By De Courcy W. Thom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

An account of a four thousand mile journey through Europe before the war. The route is through Belgium, Normandy, Brittany, Touraine, Württemberg and Bavaria.

Serbia in Light and Darkness. By Rev. Father Nicholai Velimirovic. With a Preface by the Archbishop of Canterbury. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.

Some glimpses into Serbian life and aspirations. Portions of the book are devoted to "Fragments of Serbian National Wisdom," and "Fragments of Serbian Popular Poetry."

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Sicilian Studies. By Alexander Nelson Hood. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50 net.
Essays and stories of Sicilian life.

The Slavs of the War Zone. By W. F. Bailey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.
A description of the life, customs, views and aspirations of the Slav peoples.

The White Sulphur Springs. The Traditions, History and Social Life of the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs. By William Alexander MacCorkle. Illustrated. $5.00 net.

With Scott: The Silver Lining. By Griffith Taylor. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. With maps and illustrations. $5.00 net.
An intimate and happy chronicle of the work and experiences of the group of men who accompanied Scott on his South Pole expedition. The author was one of two geologists attached to the party.

A Woman in the Balkans. By Mrs. Will Gordon (Winifred Gordon). New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrations and a map. $3.50 net.
A book on the history, peoples and customs of the Balkan countries, written with the purpose of awakening a "sympathetic interest and a more complete understanding of these peoples, especially the gallant little nations of Serbia and Montenegro."

Biography

General Botha: The Career and the Man. By Harold Spender. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
An authoritative biography of the great Boer soldier and statesman. The book tells the story of his life from his birth in 1862 up to the second year of the present war, and closes with a picture of his life to-day in South Africa.

Samuel Butler, Author of *Erewhom:* The Man and His Work. By John F. Harris. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Frontispiece. $2.00 net.
A biography, and an exposition of the interest and value of Butler's work in literature. The work contains a bibliography.

Joseph Conrad. By Hugh Walpole. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents net.
In the *Writers of the Day* series. A biography and a critical estimate of the works of the Polish writer.

The Life of Heinrich Conried. By Montrose J. Moses. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
The life and career of a former Director of the Metropolitan Opera.

The Chevalier de Boufflers: A Romance of the French Revolution. By Nesta H. Webster. Illustrated. $4.00 net.
The story of the life and romance of Chevalier de Boufflers and Comtesse de Sabran.

Daniel Defoe: How to Know Him. By William P. Trent. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.
A study of Defoe's life and writings.

Fyodor Dostoevsky: A Critical Study. By J. Middleton Murry. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.00 net.
A study of the life and work of the Russian novelist. In the series of *Critical Studies on Contemporary Writers.*

Famous Painters of America. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
Short biographies of a number of American artists, including Benjamin West, John Singleton Copley, George Inness, Elihu Vedder, John LaFarge, James McNeill Whistler, Edwin Austin Abbey, Gilbert Stuart, Winslow Homer, John Singer Sargent, William Merritt Chase, and John White Alexander.

From the Deep Woods to Civilisation. Chapters in the Autobiography of an Indian. By Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa). Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
The life story of a Sioux Indian, continuing the autobiography begun in *Indian Boyhood,* first published in 1902.

The Fighting Man. By William A. Brady. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Reminiscences of the well-known stage manager.

Thomas Hardy. By Harold Child. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents net.
A biography and a critical estimate of the works of Hardy.

In Slums and Society. Reminiscences of Old Friends. By James Adderley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The experiences and recollections of Canon Adderley of Birmingham, England.

Henry James. A Critical Study. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Frontispiece. $2.00 net.
In the series of *Critical Studies on Contemporary Writers.* An analysis and appreciation.

A Little Book of Friends. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.25 net.
Sketches of a group of eminent New England women—Annie Fields, Sarah

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Orne Jewett, Anna Whitney, Celia Thaxter, Gail Hamilton, Mary Louise Booth, Jane Andrews, Louisa Stone Hopkins, Rose Terry Cooke, Louise Chandler Moulton.

McClellan: A Vindication of the Military Career of General George B. McClellan. A Lawyer's Brief. By James Havelock Campbell. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. Frontispiece. $3.00 net.

A biography of General McClellan, with emphasis laid upon his services in the Civil War.

A New England Childhood. By Margaret Fuller. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.50 net.

The story of the boyhood of Edmund Clarence Stedman.

William Oughtred: A Great Seventeenth-Century Teacher of Mathematics. By Florian Cajori. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. $1.00 net.

A study of the life and work of an English mathematician.

The Penny Piper of Saranac. An Episode in Stevenson's Life. By Stephen Chalmers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

A sketch of the winter which Stevenson spent under Dr. Trudeau's care at Saranac Lake. The volume also contains Lloyd Osbourne's address written for the unveiling of the memorial to Stevenson at Saranac Lake in 1915.

Poe's Helen. By Caroline Ticknor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

The romance of Edgar Allan Poe and Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman—their engagement, its breaking, their love letters, etc.

Portraits of the Seventies. By George W. E. Russell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $3.75 net.

Reminiscences and character studies of notable English men and women in politics, in the Church, in literature and in society as they appeared in the 'seventies and 'eighties.

Reminiscences of a War-time Statesman and Diplomat. 1830-1915. By Frederick W. Seward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

Recollections of the life and career of the son of Lincoln's Secretary of State. The author was Assistant Secretary of State from 1861 to 1869, and Acting Secretary of State in the Cabinets of Lincoln, Johnson, and Hayes.

The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton: The Story of Her Life. Told in Part by Herself, and in Part by W. H. Wilkins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

A new edition of the autobiography of the wife of Sir Richard Burton, first published in 1897.

The Life of John A. Rawlins: Lawyer, Assistant Adjutant-General, Chief of Staff, Major General of Volunteers and Secretary of War. By James Harrison Wilson. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. Frontispiece. $3.00 net.

John A. Rawlins served on General Grant's staff, and was Secretary of War during Grant's administration.

Henry David Thoreau: A Critical Study. By Mark Van Doren. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

A study founded largely on Thoreau's Journals, and attempting to give an accurate statement of his character and general significance as a philosopher rather than as a naturalist.

General Works, Miscellaneous

Book of Garden Plans. By Stephen F. Hamblin. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

Suggestions showing how some of the principles of modern gardening may be applied to everyday problems. Illustrated with half tones and blue prints.

A Little Book in C Major. By H. L. Mencken. New York: The John Lane Company. 50 cents net.

A book of original epigrams.

The Motorists' Almanac for 1917 Anno Domini. Containing much Entertainment and Not a Few Facts of Concern and Interest to All Intelligent Motorists. Edited and Compiled by William Leavitt Stoddard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The Private Secretary: His Duties and Opportunities. By Edward Jones Kilduff. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.

A detailed description and exposition of the duties of the private secretary, with a discussion on the characteristics of a private secretary and how they may be developed.

The Story of Scotch. By Enos A. Mills. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

The life-story of the author's dog.

Yule-Tide in Many Lands. By Mary P. Pringle and Clara A. Urann. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Descriptions of the various forms of Christmas observance at different times and in different lands.

Wit and Wisdom of Woodrow Wilson: Extracts from the Public Speeches of the Leader and Interpreter of American Democracy, with Masterpieces of Eloquence. Compiled and Classified by Richard Linthicum. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.00 net.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of September and the first of October:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	The Rising Tide	The Girl Philippa
Albany, N. Y.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Atlanta, Ga.....	When a Man's a Man	Bars of Iron
Baltimore, Md.....	Casuals of the Sea	Enoch Crane
Birmingham, Ala.....	When a Man's a Man	Heart of Rachael
Boston, Mass.....	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Boston, Mass.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Chicago, Ill.....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Chicago, Ill.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The World for Sale
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Cleveland, Ohio.....	When a Man's a Man	The Woman Gives
Dallas, Texas.....	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Denver, Colo.....	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Des Moines, Ia.....	When a Man's a Man	Prudence Says So
Detroit, Mich.....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Houston, Tex.....	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Indianapolis, Ind... ..	Seventeen	The Proof of the Pudding
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Cappy Ricks	When a Man's a Man
Los Angeles, Cal.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Louisville, Ky.....	When a Man's a Man	The Thirteenth Commandment
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Cecily and the Wide World	Bonnie May
New Orleans, La.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Norfolk, Va.....	The Rising Tide	The World for Sale
Omaha, Neb.....	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Philadelphia, Pa.....	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Philadelphia, Pa.....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Portland, Me.....	The Rising Tide	The World for Sale
Portland, Ore.....	When a Man's a Man	Happy Valley
Providence, R. I.....	When a Man's a Man	Bonnie May
Richmond, Va.....	When a Man's a Man	Georgiana of the Rainbows
Rochester, N. Y.....	When a Man's a Man	Tish
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Heart of Rachael	When a Man's a Man
St. Paul, Minn.....	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
San Antonio, Tex.....	When a Man's a Man	Rising Tide
Seattle, Wash.....	When a Man's a Man	Big Timber
Spokane, Wash.....	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Utica, N. Y.....	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Washington, D. C.....	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide
Washington, D. C.....	Seventeen	Bars of Iron
Worcester, Mass.....	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Magnificent Adventure	Prudence Says So	The Prisoner	The Wall Street Girl
The Woman Gives	In Another Girl's Shoes	After the Manner of Men	From the Housetops
Big Timber	The Rising Tide	Green Mansions	In Another Girl's Shoes
The Wall Street Girl	The World for Sale	The Sailor	The Bent Twig
Prudence Says So	The Rising Tide	In Another Girl's Shoes	Seventeen
Tish	Seventeen	Green Mansions	Just David
The Sailor	Pincus Hood	David Blaize	Seventeen
The Heart of Rachael	The Rising Tide	Seventeen	Just David
Enoch Crane	The Rising Tide	Tish	The Nest Builder
Pincus Hood	Cappy Ricks	Prudence Says So	The Magnificent Adventure
The Rising Tide	In Another Girl's Shoes	The Best Short Stories of 1915	The Prisoner
The World for Sale	Tish	Cappy Ricks	The Seed of the Rhighteous
Seventeen	Just David	The Heart of Rchael	In Another Girl's Shoes
Seventeen	Just David	The Rising Tide	The Proof of Pudding
Just David	The Rising Tide	The Cinderella Man	Seventeen
The Heart of Rachael	Richard Richard	Prudence Says So	Just David
The Prisoner	The Rising Tide	The Heart of Rachael	The Magnificent Adventure
The Brook Kerith	The World for Sale	The Woman Gives	Come Out of the Kitchen
Nan of Music Mountain	Just David	Cappy Ricks	Prudence Says So
The Girl Philippa	The Heart of Rachael	The Unspeakable Perk	The Prisoner
Just David	Cappy Ricks	From the House Tops	The Magnificent Adventure
The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard.	Seed of the Righteous.	Behold the Woman!	Seventeen
When a Man's a Man	Paradise Garden	The Thirteenth Commandment	The Unspeakable Perk
Prudence Says So	Loot	The Woman Gives	
The Heart of Rachael	Big Timber	Seventeen	Bars of Iron
The Rising Tide	The Heart of Rachael	The Thirteenth Commandment	The Bent Twig
Tish	Heritage of Cain	The Woman Gives	The Best Short Stories of 1915
When a Man's a Man	After the Manner of Men	Blow the Man Down	The Brook Kerith
Seventeen	Tish	The Bent Twig	The Girl Philippa
Richard Richard	The Magnificent Adventure	The Wall Street Girl	Enoch Crane
The Heart of Rachael	Seventeen	Enoch Crane	The Rising Tide
Just David	Seventeen	The Rising Tide	Prudence Says So
Big Timber	The Woman Gives	The Rising Tide	The Thirteenth Commandment
The Bent Twig	Just David	The Heart of Rachael	The Border Legion
Seventeen	Tish	Cinderella Man	People Like That
Seventeen	The Heart of Rachael	The Prisoner	Enoch Crane
Seventeen	Nan of Music Mountains	Tish	Big Timber
The Heart of Rachael	Big Timber	The Prisoner	The World for Sale
The Cab of the Sleeping Horse	Seventeen	Fantomas	Ramona
Just David	The Rising Tide	When a Man's a Man	The Heart of Rachael
Just David	In Another Girl's Shoes	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Cappy Ricks

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

A Diplomatist's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. Harry A. Franck.
Eat and Grow Thin. Vance Thompson.
Friends of France. The Field Service of the American Ambulance Described by Its Members.
My Home in the Field of Honour. Frances Wilson Huard.
England's Effort. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
On Being Human. Woodrow Wilson.
Sixty Years in Southern California. Harris Newmark.
A Hilltop on the Marne. Mildred Aldrich.
Efficient Living. E. E. Purinton.
Thinking as a Science. H. B. Hazlitt.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 326 and 327) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1 on any list receives 10
" " " 2d " " " " 8
" " " 3d " " " " 7
" " " 4th " " " " 6
" " " 5th " " " " 5
" " " 6th " " " " 4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. When a Man's a Man. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.35	345
2. The Rising Tide. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35	153
3. Seventeen. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.35	136
4. The Heart of Rachael. Norris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	114
5. Just David. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25	87
6. Tish. Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50	82

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
The Girl Philippa. Robert W. Chambers.
The Magnificent Adventure. Emerson Hough.
Prudence Says So. Ethel Hueston.
The Prisoner. Alice Brown.
The Wall Street Girl. Frederick Orin Bartlett.
When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
The World for Sale. Gilbert Parker.
The Woman Gives. Owen Johnson.
In Another Girl's Shoes. Berta Ruck.
After the Manner of Men. Francis Lynde.
From the Housetops. George Barr McCutcheon.
Bars of Iron. Ethel M. Dell.
Big Timber. Bertrand W. Sinclair.
Green Mansions. W. H. Hudson.
Casuals of the Sea. William McFee.
Enoch Crane F. Hopkinson Smith and F. Berkeley Smith.
The Sailor. J. C. Snaith.
The Bent Twig. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
The Heart of Rachael. Kathleen Norris.
Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
Tish. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.
Pincus Hood. Arthur Hodges.
David Blaize. E. F. Benson.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
The Nest-Builder. By Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale.
Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
The Best Short Stories of 1915. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien.
The Seed of the Righteous. Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.
The Proof of the Pudding. Meredith Nicholson.
The Cinderella Man. E. C. Carpenter.
Richard Richard. Hughes Mearns.
The Brook Kerith. George Moore.
Come Out of the Kitchen. Alice Duer Miller.
Nan of Music Mountain. Frank Spearman.
The Thirteenth Commandment. Rupert Hughes.
Unspeakable Perk. Samuel Hopkins Adams.
Cecily and the Wide World. Elizabeth F. Corbett.
Bonnie May. Louis Dodge.
The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard. Grace King.
Behold the Woman! T. Everett Harré.
Paradise Garden. George Gibbs.
Loot. A. S. Roche.
The Heritage of Cain. Isabel Ostrander.
Blow the Man Down. Holman Day.
Happy Valley. A. S. Monroe.
Georgina of the Rainbows. Annie Fellows Johnston.
The Border Legion. Zane Grey.
People Like That. Kate Langley Bosher.
The Cab of the Sleeping Horse. John Reed Scott.
Fantomas. Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain.
Ramona. Helen Hunt Jackson.
The Lightning Conductor Discovers America. A. N. and C. M. Williamson.

SEE GUIDE FOR BUYERS, PAGE 36 ADVERTISING SECTION

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